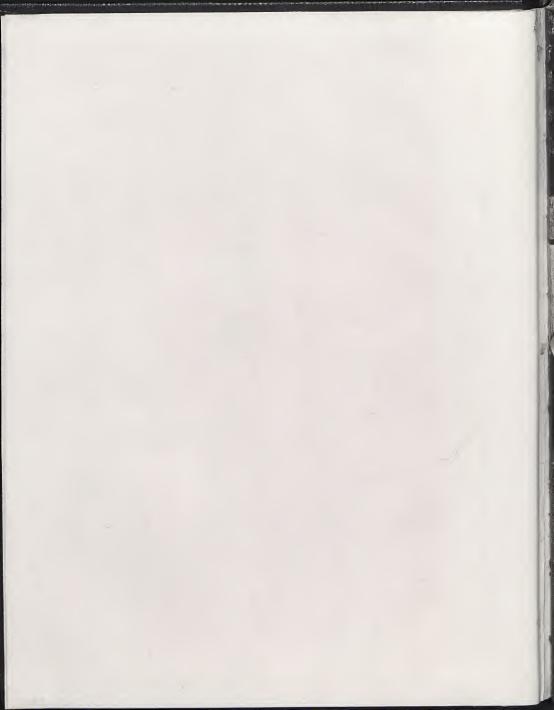


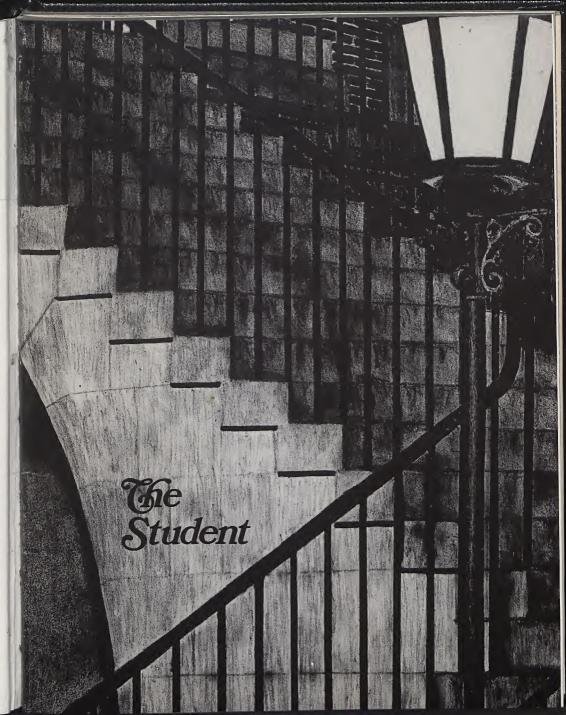
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Birds

Birds are things of the morning. When I work third shift I hear them Chirping at four a.m. They don't stop until The sun burns them off. Like fog.

I don't know why they Call it singing. It sounds like Senseless chattering to me. Songs have direction and order. Birds are random.

Birds sort of die During the day. They seem to melt In the sun. Robins are a blur In the heat of the day. . . Chirp, flutter, chirp. . . They are easily ignored.

The evening is sophisticated in its Simplicity. A few birds would Seem in place as we sit around At sunset, sipping Mint Julep. Indeed, the plantation house Needs some birds to Flutter around the porch.

I am glad there are no birds at night. We need solace. How silly a bird would seem On Halloween, chirping away at a Medieval evening wedding, Where the bride wears a White silken cloak.

Wealthy society people rarely associate With birds, you notice, unless They are condescending to some Worthy charity in an effort to appear More humanoid to readers Of the Personals section.

Most morning things act only Out of necessity.

by James Norris

"BUT I AM POOR

AND SORROWFUL . .

bu Burt Banks

When my parents died, I went to live with my grandmother, the only living relative who could care for me. She was a mountain woman who lived in the backwoods of North Carolina, living day by day on the food she grew during the spring and summer months. The house, an ancient clapboard cabin hidden among a grove of poplars near the river bank, was accessible only by a narrow dirt road that wound deep into the mountains; it was a peaceful spot where I could recover from the shock of the accident which had killed my parents and crippled me.

Because I had never before seen my grandmother, I was at first unaccustomed to her ways and, I must admit, rather afraid of her. For some reason I dreaded to look at her wrinkled face and clouded eyes, to hear her rasping voice and labored breathing. I had difficulty understanding her mountain speech, for

I had been raised in the city; and she, in turn, could not understand me. But as time passed and I saw that she would sacrifice her time for me, a mutual bond of love grew between us.

Grandma did everything within her power to nurse me back to health, often going without sustenance and rest so that my selfish desires might be satisfied. Despite her age she would labor to make me comfortable and to make me forget the harrowing experiences through which I had so recently lived, and she never complained when the work was too great for her. I, on the other hand, complained often when I had to spend long days in bed, and created much trouble for her, although I did not realize this fact at the time.

At night, when the last light had long faded, the leaves would rustle high above the tin roof, and the rushing of the river would lull the weary to sleep; in the day, the sun would work its way through the multi-storied tree tops and entertain the grass and wild flowers by casting erratic shadows, and the birds would harmonize in their own special ways to create nature's chorus.

Each morning Grandma would hobble into my dull, unpainted room and open the shutters so that I could see the cool river in back and smell the freshness of the mountain air. After feeding me breakfast — often including sausage from a hog she herself had raised, slaughtered, and cured - she would lift me from my bed and carry me to the porch to bask in the glory of the sunshine. At times she would sit next to me in a homemade wicker chair and string beans into a bushel basket while she sang softly to herself, but the greater part of the time she would just talk to me. It was during these talks that I really became acquainted with Grandma and learned to sympathize with her for the hard life she had led.

I had never known my grandfather, but I learned much about him. Grandma's eves would sparkle as she told me in her simple style of grandfather's experiences, but inevitably her voice would fall and the old sadness would return to her eyes as she remembered his tragic end. "Your Grampa was a fine man, honey. He didn't never do nobody no harm, an' he always lived 'is own life. Then 'bout twenny years ago - long before you was born, chile - he was out stannin' in the fiel', tryin' to tie the bean plants down durin' a thunder an' lightnin' storm, when a big ol' bolt o' lightnin' hit a tree an' run along the groun' an' kilt your Grampa. I was just walkin' out to call 'im inside when I saw it happen, all as plain as day. An' the Lord Jesus had done took 'im away Home before I could git to 'im, fer he was kilt on the spot. Never even knowed what hit 'im." At this point her voice, already faint from strain, would fade, and she would stare far off into the distant past, remembering grandfather's face, his voice, and his walk. It was only during these moments of sadness that Grandma's eyes would shine with tears, for she was a strong woman who rarely expressed her emotions so openly. But the sadness would quickly disappear as, with a gesture of impatience, she would toss aside old memories and return to reality. "Well, son, I reckon I'd better git to cookin' some supper for us."

When she left me alone on the porch to return to her chores, I would often try to imagine her as a young girl being courted by a shy, gangling youth whom she would someday wed. Perhaps they would sit on a porch and talk, or perhaps go to a barn dance down in the valley on Saturday night to enjoy the smell of hay in the rafters and the sweet scent of manure from outside, to enjoy the company of other young couples in love, and to hold hands in the soft moonlight. Grandma's wrinkles would depart from my mind to leave a face with a rosy smooth complexion, blushing from the idle sweet-talk of young men. I knew my grandmother had once been so, maturing into a young lady who fretted about her hair and her simple mountain clothing, who giggled and batted her

eyelashes at the eligible young gentlemen, and who plotted and schemed with girlish delight in order to be noticed. But now the wrinkles had replaced the smooth softness of her face, concealing the dimples; her once alluring lips had shrivelled inward, searching and probing for teeth she had long ago lost; and her hands that could once caress had become thin claws, calloused by her labors of love for her dead husband and me.

In that atmosphere of simplicity and natural beauty, I again became a healthy, active lad. Strength was returning to my legs, and I was soon taking my first painful steps since the accident. Grandma worked incessantly, urging me on and often supporting me with her arms, and because she had struggled so hard with me, I dared not surrender to weakness and disappoint her.

The land which I had learned to love and respect during my convalescence now offered me hidden treasures. I could sit by the river, look deep into its churning waters and discern fragments of rock that glistened like gems; I could take from the river a bountiful supply of fish, and return them knowing that they would continue living in their wet paradise; I could look into the high tops of poplars and see the budding leaves, green in their virginity, soft and flexible in their newness; and I could meditate in the stillness and serenity which only nature could offer. Before I had come to the mountains, spring had never aroused within me such feelings of freedom and contentment, but now that I could actually see the tangible results of the season, my joy could not be contained. Grandma, too, felt the symptoms of the spring fever, and we spent much of our time wandering through brightly colored wild flowers, budding trees, and moist, dark earth. The miracle of spring, which annually melted the ice from the sides of the mountains and warmed the ground into a state of fertility, gave life new meaning for those whose dependence lay solely on the land.

The accident became merely a distant memory as the season passed, and I no longer had nightmares of the car rolling down the steep embankment, its windows shattering and cutting. For the

first time I was really at peace, and my grandmother became the most important person in my life. Grandma taught me the superstitions of mountaineers and the importance of planting crops by the moon, and I believed in these things and practiced them. When I had fully recovered, I took some of the responsibilities of work from my guardian, working slowly and methodically in order to adjust properly to the strenuous exercise. I fed the animals and collected eggs from the hens' roosts, planted, hoed, and reaped, and collected firewood.

Autumn brought about a change in my activities, however, for the cold October air made my legs ache. Again I returned to sitting with a quilt draped around me, watching the leaves — myriads of kaleidoscopic colors — flutter to the ground. And after the trees were bare and exposed, Mother Nature took pity and clothed the modest branches with a thin layer of snow. On these days Grandma and I would sit in the cabin next to the hearth, wrapped in shawls and blankets, nursing the fire that belched thick smoke up the long column of chimney.

"I remember oncet when I was out gatherin' wood after your Grampa was kilt, an' it started snowin' on me. Some o' those flakes was as big as my balled fist, an' before I could even git back to the house snow was clean up to my knees. Next mornin' I couldn't even open the door the snow was so high up." She stood up stiffly, groaning from the effort. "I'd better git s'more hick'ry on that fire."

Outside the snow was falling, and the evening sky was growing dark. The darkness seeped through the cracks in the door and filled the cabin with its awesome presence. Grandma did not light the lamps, but instead stared at the dim yellow light hovering around the hearth. The heat of the flame poured into the room, frightening away the cold air that came in with the darkness, and my face and eyes burned from sitting so close to its source. No words were spoken, and with mutual concentration, we gazed intently at the fire, disregarding the darkness.

Perhaps an hour passed during which we said nothing. Dozing off occasionally, I at first forced myself to consciousness, but after struggling so long to do so, I finally submitted to sleep. When I awoke, Grandma was deep in sleep, a gentle smile upon her careworn face. Being careful not wake her but intent upon remaining awake myself, I returned my attention to the inviting fire. It burned with a feverish passion, its slender fingers groping futilely at the air, snapping at unseen forces that

evaded their grasps and led them on to fiercer struggles, yearning and desire multiplying in the heart of the flame within which the coals — kindled by love and want — glowed red, only to die with a flurry of sparks from disappointment.

It was becoming very late, and I should have already been in bed. "Grandma, I'm going to bed, now," I

said, nudging her gently so that she would not be startled. "Grandma, it's time for me to go to bed." Her sleep was deep and peaceful, and I took her cold hand and held it close to my tear-stained face, then, kissing her tenderly on the brow, I sent a prayer up to Heaven that she would not be lonely on the other side.



Laura Lu Hedrick



LOOKING FROM HANGING ROCK

An endless crib of Indian Corn my father planted in midsummer, laid out to dry in the fading sun.

The pulpit. the rock.

Harvest ripe in the bald spots; The cribs, filled quickly.

by Tom Albritton

WOLFPIT ROAD

We drove the weather-tapered roadster up to the rim of the canyon till our wheels locked.

Orange pebbles danced backward and disappeared one at a time.

ii.

Cornered on the cliff. Hour glass Sand, leaking; Held like morning water.

We rode on the inside together. I remember the fear of you, threatening to save yourself.

by Tom Albritton

Joisey

I like to listen to those people tell me so much about New Jersey.

How it's the armpit of the East Coast, how it's New York City's dump,

How it's one long turnpike surrounded By oil refineries.

I like to hear those people who have never Even seen the state tell me all about it.

But maybe they should read those N.J. license plates.

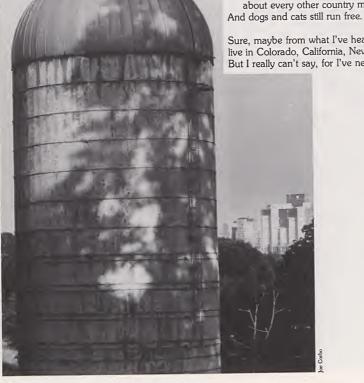
And see that it's called "the Garden State"; You know -garden -as in tomatoes, corn, Peppers, apples, peaches.

You know -garden -as in rough-handed farmers with fresh dirt under their fingernails,

who get up before cock's crow to till those fields. You know —the country —where there is a house about every other country mile

Sure, maybe from what I've heard, I'd rather live in Colorado, California, New England, But I really can't say, for I've never seen them.

by Joe Corbo



Southern Kisses

Outside the window, dripping down The snowstorm's last remains. I lie Here on the floor. The only sound Is ARS. Do it or die.

The rats were on the radio. Yeah, Mondays really get me down, Too. Mellow days just pass so slow And overload without a sound.

Back on my feet, red, white, and blue Against the window, Union Jacks. America, it just ain't true, The wall pressed tight against our backs.

We've got tonight, but nevermore, So beat me daddy, two by four.

by James Norris

Elegy I

So young, so old, Burned out, and yet to live His life, so cold The mornings will arrive For him. Alone Among the crowded day, Afraid, alone Among his dream's decay, He'll read, at night, The Waste Land with his love, Oh Marguerite, The hopeless longing of The day. And in The Chapel Perilous He quests, and then He hears, so thunderous, "That isn't it, That isn't it at all."

by James Norris

FORUM

The 1980 Election, Now, and Beyond: What Future For American Politics?

by Steve Beam

A nation is never finished. You can't build it and leave it standing like the pyramids. It has to be built and rebuilt. It has to be recreated in each generation by believing, caring men and women.

John Gardner

The Democratic party is nearing the end of a long road, and either we can stop and wonder what lies over the horizon, or in the great Democratic party tradition, we can extend that road and attempt to span the horizon. Many Republicans hail the apparent demise of the Democratic party and attribute it to losing touch with the American people. I challenge that assumption and predict a bright future for the Democratic party in the years ahead.

The elections of 1980 most assuredly stunned the Democratic party, whose candidates were defeated at local, state, and national levels. Yet, if one reflects on the past several decades, one notes recurrent shifts in public opinion. Democrats controlled the presidency during the Wilson terms, the Roosevelt era, and the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. These three periods of Democratic leadership were characterized by progressive thought. Following the progressivism of the 1960's, there has been a noticeable transition toward conservatism. In 1980, the election of numerous individuals from the new "radical right" troubled many Americans. The economic and social agendas, especially, threaten many of those who are less able to survive competitively. However, the Democratic party will not stand by and let progress and hope be erased. The Republican administration would be wise to heed the remarks of a seventeenth century statesman, "A people is traveling fast to destruction when individuals consider their interests as distinct from those of the public." The Democratic party must be the beacon - the guiding light illuminating the path forward.

by Ron Rogers

In recent weeks, workers cashing their paychecks have noticed that their take-home pay has increased. This is, of course, the result of the tax cuts enacted by Congress this summer. On the first of October, producers at all income levels received a five-percent cut in their personal income taxes. America has now officially embarked on its tax-cut voyage — a voyage not destined to end until 1984 when tax rates will have been reduced by a whopping twenty-five percent. As our nation enters this uncharted course, it is appropriate that we examine how, to borrow the phrase, "we wound up on this boat."

Tax-cut friends and foes are unanimous on one point: President Ronald Reagan was the man at the helm during the tax-cut battle. It was he who proposed the reductionary tax policy and was responsible for its safe passage through Congress. For the second time in six months, Reagan had done the politically impossible. First, he shocked the Washington pundits in March when he altered the political landscape with his massive budget cuts. Reagan's second victory was the proof that his March triumph was no fluke. Observers commented that he had accomplished more in his first twenty-five weeks in office than his predecessor had in four years. This statement was usually uttered in a tone of genuine surprise.

Surprise is an ubiquitous word in the political career of Ronald Reagan. Since his political debut in 1966, he has astonished his adversaries time and again, consistently catching them off their guards. California Governor Pat Brown was the first politician to be surprised by Ronald Reagan. Brown was confident that he would coast to reelection over the ex-movie actor. On election night, however, the bewildered governor found himself buried in a onemillion-vote landslide defeat. Reagan next surprised the people of California by guiding numerous pieces of legislation through a state senate in which the opposition party enjoyed a numerical majority. In 1976, the incumbent president Gerald Ford was surprised in a similar fashion when Ronald Reagan challenged him for the Republican presidential nomination. Reagan defeated the president in a series of primaries and came within a few convention votes of denying

Beam:

The shift toward conservatism has been primarily a reaction to the tremendous expansion of the federal government in recent years. The philosophy of the Democratic party the Jeffersonian ideal that government should serve the people's needs and promote freedom, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all - has been the stimulus for many of the programs created by Democratic administrations. The creation of Social Security benefits for the elderly, the creation of the National Labor Relations Board, and the creation of the Federal Deposit Insurance Commission in the 1930's; and federal funds for education, Medicaid, promotion of research in medicine and in space, and the passage of equal opportunity and civil rights legislation have proved the Democratic party's commitment to this ideal.

Nonetheless, the current Republican administration has viewed antagonistically many of these programs which are designed to provide opportunities for a better way of life for all. I readily acknowledge that many of these programs have become a burden on the federal budget and are characterized by waste, fraud and mismanagement. However, the hurried dismantling of these programs will cause hardships for the working poor, the elderly, and the minorities of the country. Waste and fraud will not necessarily be eliminated by across-the-board cuts in programs. Each program should be reevaluated individually to discern what steps should be taken to streamline procedures while still providing necessary services. The Democratic party recognizes these problems and encourages a systematic and careful solution, rather than a haphazard, short-sighted, and self-serving response.

America doesn't necessarily need a retrenchment of funds and programs. Instead, she searches for creative and insightful leadership to remold these programs to accommodate a new generation. The underlying objectives of the New Deal and the Great Society will never be diminished. The Republicans, afraid to confront social problems realistically, have assumed a retreatist position. Describing the experience of a similarly-minded administration in England — the experience of simultaneous twenty percent inflation, rampaging unemployment, and rioting-a junior member of Margaret Thatcher's cabinet remarked, "This is what happens when you separate economic theory from social policy and pursue one at the expense of the other." The Democratic party has attempted to solve many of the complex problems of recent years, instead of ignoring them. It will continue to demonstrate concern for the welfare of all while correcting deficiencies in its past policies.

Diversity has always been the greatest asset of the Democratic party. Harry S Truman said, "The Democratic party does the most good for the most people." The Democratic party is the party of the people, not of special interests. People are the Democratic party, so when the people demand change, the party responds. The future of the Democratic party revolves around New Deal progressivism - a liberal social policy coupled with greater economic and fiscal

Rogers:

the incumbent the nod of his own party. The familiar pattern was repeated in 1980 when President Carter squared off against Reagan, the GOP standard-bearer. Carter, like his predecessors, committed the fatal mistake of dismissing Reagan as an innocuous "political freak," a washed-up old movie actor who bungled his way into his current position. In November, Carter went down to an ignominious eightmillion-vote defeat in what was the worst drubbing suffered by an incumbent president since 1932. "Tip" O'Neill's devastating defeats in the Democratic House of Representatives indicate that Reagan has not broken stride since entering the White House.

Reagan has confronted formidable obstacles in both his electoral and his legislative battles. In his first race for governor and in two bids for the Presidency, he faced opponents who enjoyed the advantage of incumbency., In the 1966 GOP primary for governor and in the 1976 and 1980 presidential primaries, party leadership by and large supported his rivals. He has run under the Republican label in all three of his general election efforts; running as the candidate of the minority party was also undoubtedly a handicap. Today, in the House, as before in California, he must struggle with a legislative body which is organized by the Democratic party. How has Reagan managed to surmount these difficult hurdles? By what means has he been able to succeed where others have failed so miserably?

One significant trend has been identified in the political career of Ronald Reagan: his opponents consistently underestimate him and are subsequently surprised by the degree of political strength he is able to muster. While Brown. Ford, Carter, and O'Neill will not go down in the annals of American history as the consummate politicians of their time, neither will they be remembered as political lightweights. Why did these normally perceptive professional politicians miscalculate so badly in gauging Reagan's political strength? In a perusal of each man's relation to Reagan, one common denominator emerges: each foe assumed that Reagan was a "conservative." His opponent invariably built political strategy on this foundation: expose Ronald Reagan as an extreme right-winger, and the contest would be "in the bag." Theoretically, the twenty-eight percent of the population which was philosophically conservative would stand by Reagan, but only at the expense of the remaining voters who, realizing that they had been duped, would come flocking to the other candidate. Such a stampede obviously never materialized.

One possible explanation for the reason this approach failed is that Reagan's foes simply could not get the conservative label to stick. This, however, is not very plausible; rarely does one find the name "Reagan" in print without the accompanying adjective "conservative." A far more satisfactory explanation may be constructed if one looks beyond Reagan's conservatism. One must transcend right-left political dichotomy in order to view Reagan's politics in a wholly new perspective. For beyond Reagan the conservative lies

Beam:

responsibility. Refreshing and enlightening ideas will re-

juvenate the diverse Democratic party.

The innovative ideas will be the product of much work done within the Democratic party. Although perceived to be dormant, the leadership of the party is tenaciously effecting positive changes. The Democratic party's Presidential Primary Study Commission is examining alternatives to the present lengthy Democratic party primary procedure. In the past, successful Democratic campaigners have not always possessed the essential criteria for leadership. By analyzing this process extensively and modifying the process, the party hopes to meet the challenge of offering the most capable leadership in government. The party has also tried to identify and to develop each different group within its rank in order to stimulate a cohesive, unified, and purposeful working force.

The future of the Democratic party lies in balancing cost with merit. Social concern combined with economic responsibility provides the foundation for the rebuilding of the party's programs and ambitions for the American people in order to achieve a better future. The history of the Democratic party reveals an enduring capacity to serve, to build and to progress, as these lines reflect:¹

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide, —
Why build you the bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

¹"The Bridge Builder," Will Allen Dromgoole From *Rare Old Chums*, New York, The Page Company, 1898.

Rogers:

Reagan the populist. His rivals erred in assuming that conservatism is the key that unlocks the mystery of Reagan's politics. He has only been a Republican since 1962, and a conservative since the 1950's. From his early adulthood, however, he has been a steadfast democrat. Populism is an integral part of Ronald Reagan; he harbors an intrinsic faith in the common man. He adopted conservatism and Republicanism only because they were compatible with and propelled him toward his ultimate goal: letting the people rule and control their own lives. Let us examine his political career in this context.

As a result of his populism, Reagan is constantly at loggerheads with the elites who believe that they know what is best for the people. In virtually every major struggle of his political career, he has presented himself as a champion of the little man, fighting against an entrenched and unresponsive establishment. He has adroitly conveyed his populism to the people and they have time and again rallied to his side. This is what accounts for his phenomenal success in the normally frustrating world of politics.

Reagan's populism was manifested in his undergraduate days at Eureka College when he led a demonstration against an "unfeeling" administration. Freshman Reagan spearheaded a student strike and was subsequently branded a radical. Mobilizing popular support, he forced the resignation of the college president — the very symbol of elitism on

campus.

During the 1930's and 1940's, Reagan was a staunch supporter of liberal Democratic president Franklin D. Roosevelt. Reagan's support was conditioned by the premise that the New Deal was consciously attempting to improve the lot of the little man. It was during his stint with General Electric from 1954 to 1962 that he began to realize that the welfare state created by FDR was not in the best interests of Middle America. In those eight years, Reagan toured 135 General Electric plants and met thousands of working Americans. Edward Langley, a former General Electric executive, remembers how Reagan was approached by a woman coil-winder during one such factory visit: "She hit him with, 'Do you know how many licenses I need to open a part-time beauty parlor in my house? The government is running my life. Why?" Undoubtedly, this was not the first time that Reagan had heard this type of question, nor the last. Big government was suppressing, rather than encouraging, individual initiative. Despite its rhetoric, liberalism, or, as Reagan notes, the Democratic party's perversion of it, was an essentially elitist philosophy. The experts - the people in government - knew what was best for the people. The average citizen was incapable of fulfilling his own needs, or what the bureaucracy had determined were his needs. A beneficent government, therefore, must intercede. Behind this facade, Reagan saw that the government was usurping the liberties of the people and was becoming increasingly less accountable to those whom it was intended to serve. He gradually abandoned his naive liberalism. Through his ex-

Rogers:

tensive exposure to the American working class, Reagan was guided toward his political conservatism. It is significant that he acquired his conservatism in such a radically populist

In 1962, Reagan officially joined the Republican party. That Reagan joined the party at the very time it was experiencing an internal revolution was no coincidence. Since early childhood, Reagan had equated the Republican party with the elites in society - in particular, the northeastern Establishment and big business. In the early 1960's, an insurgent faction of populist southerners and westerners sought to topple the existing party hierarchy dominated by the elites. Reagan joined in the fray and helped to ensure the ultimate triumph of the conservative-populist faction in 1964. The Republican nominee that year, Barry Goldwater, was a man who shared many of Reagan's populist ideals. Goldwater was repudiated at the polls that November, but he lit the torch that Reagan was destined to carry.

Reagan threw his hat into the ring for the governorship of California two years later. Rather than relying on the party bosses for votes, Reagan communicated with the people through the populist medium of the television. It worked. Early in his administration he made it clear to his cabinet and staff that they were servants to, not the masters of, the people. "We belong here," he remarked, "only so long as we refer to the government as 'they' and never think of it as 'we'." Reagan made it clear that his election to office had not shaken his populist beliefs. In 1971, Reagan pushed his welfare package through an erstwhile hostile state legislature in a populist manner that has become his trademark. The elites in this instance were the Democratic leaders of the state senate. Reagan passed by the senators, conversing directly with the people via television. Letters and cards supporting the governor's effort to "get government out of our pockets" flooded the senate offices in Sacramento. The Democratic line wavered, buckled, and finally broke. By announcing a populist policy - less government and greater control over one's savings - Reagan ran roughshod over the elites.

In 1976, Reagan set his sights on the presidency. He continued to employ the same populist techniques that he had used in California. He circumvented the familiar elitist method of soliciting campaign contributions from a coterie of "fat cats," opting instead to raise his funds through a large number of small contributors — ordinary working people. He used a direct mail campaign to raise the requisite funds - another populist technique. Thus his campaign was supported by Main Street rather than Wall Street, a boast that his rival could not make. As Reagan himself put it, "The big businessmen are all for the Fords; they're not for Reagan." Party officials and elected officials also supported Ford. Against these elites, Reagan unleashed his populism, with devastating results. He appealed to the rank-and-file primary voters. When the primary trail wound to an end in June, Reagan had collected more votes than the incumbent

Ford. Ford prevailed at Kansas City only because he enjoyed lopsided support in the states where delegates were chosen by less democratic (hence elitist) methods.

During the 1976 campaign, Reagan again coupled populist techniques with populist positions on issues. In his announcement, he proclaimed: "Our nation's capital has become the seat of a buddy system that functions for its own benefit - increasingly insensitive to the needs of the American worker who supports it with his taxes. Today it is difficult to find leaders who are independent of the forces that have brought us our problems: the Congress, the bureaucracy, the lobbyists, Big Business, and Big Labor."

The essence of Reagan's message was clearly populist: it was time to clean house and give the government back to the people. Party chieftains were surprised and appalled by Reagan's inclusion of big business in his blistering assault on the elite order. Big business was a sacred cow in Republican circles; Reagan's lack of deference merely confirmed that he was an outsider. In other quarters, however, Reagan's antibusiness attitude was viewed in a more favorable light. His crusade against the vested interests was particularly popular in the South and West. These very same regions constituted the political bases of America's two greatest populists: Andrew Jackson and William Jennings Bryan.

In 1980 campaign manager John Sears convinced Reagan, against his better judgement, that it would be to his advantage to remain above the fray during the scramble for the presidential nomination. It was a tactical blunder, and probably cost Reagan the Iowa caucus. After the defeat, Reagan apologized for his "above the people" elitist strategy. One sensed that he was almost thanking the Iowans for rejecting him; he had committed a cardinal sin by ignoring the people. Reagan implied that he fully deserved the reprimand that he had received. With renewed optimism, he turned to his campaign staff and declared, "Let's get out with the people." The rest is history. Reagan swamped his opponents in the crucial New Hampshire primary, and made the grueling primary season look as easy as eating jelly beans.

Reagan finally captured the prize which had eluded him for so long: the presidential nomination of the Republican party. In his acceptance speech, he reminded the American people, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again" - a direct quotation from Thomas Paine's Common Sense, a classic democratic work. In the ensuing general election, he campaigned as the populist, accusing the Carter administration of being insensitive to the people. Reagan addressed a wide assortment of issues in the three months between the convention and the election day.

No issue drew more attention than the controversial plan to revive the ailing American economy. Here, Reagan's populism appears fully. Carter, the Democrat, favored the tight money course that establishment Republicans had advocated for years. Experience indicated that such a policy would ease the inflation problem, but that jobs would be sacrificed in the process as the economy entered a downturn. Reagan rejected this elitist approach and proposed the populist notion of stimulating the economy through individual income-tax cuts. Reversing the Republican adage

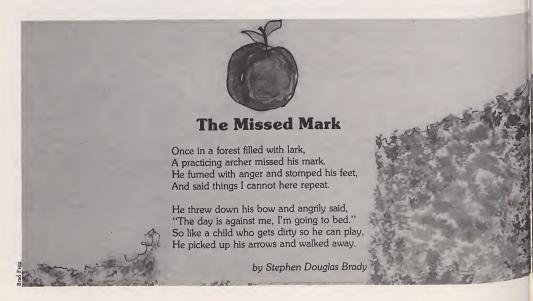
Rogers:

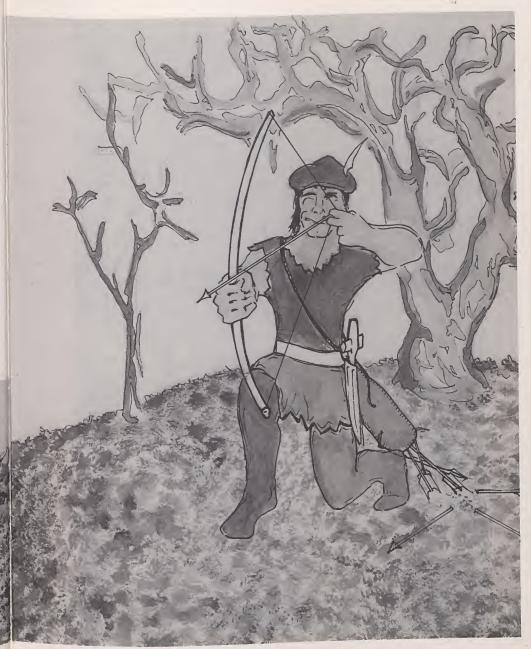
"What's good for business is good for America," Reagan proclaimed, "What's good for the people will be good for business and the economy in general." Underlying Reagan's tax-cut scheme was his fervent belief that the people would respond to new tax incentives. The experts, including such conservative economists as Milton Friedman, disagreed, as did the establishment candidate George Bush who labelled it "voodoo economics." In the bleak scenario painted by the economists, the average working man would respond to a big tax cut in an irresponsible fashion. He would bid up prices, rather than supply new work and savings. Concentrate tax incentives in the corporate business sector, the economists urged.

President Carter accepted the traditional view and attacked Reagan's New Economics. Implicit in the Carter position was the belief that the elites — big government and big business — would make wiser use of the national income stream than the people would. During the presidential debate on the eve of the election, Reagan asked the rhetorical question, "Why is it inflationary to let the people keep

their own money but not inflationary for Carter to take it away in higher taxes and spend it?" Reagan suggested that the real reason Carter opposed tax reductions was "because the ruling party in Washington wants a larger share of the worker's income to spend as it pleases on expanding the federal bureaucracy." At the close of the debate, he reiterated that the government, not the alleged "malaise" of the people, was responsible for the poor health of the economy. His solution was simple: "Take the government off the backs of the great people of the country and turn you loose again to do those things that I know you can do so well because you did them and made this country great."

Reagan's unbounded faith in the people struck a responsive chord in the hinterland. In the November second election, he captured forty-four states and swept in with him the first Republican Senate in over two decades. Reagan was asked to interpret his landslide victory. His response was revealing. "Would you laugh," he said, "if I told you that I think, maybe, they see themselves and that I'm one of them? I've never been able to detach myself or think that I, somehow, am apart from them." The nation can anticipate that Reagan's populist thinking will dominate the political agenda for the next three years as it has during the first ten months of his administration.







archiren andare

THE WHORE OF BABYLON — FOR BOB MARLEY (1945-1981)

INVOCATION

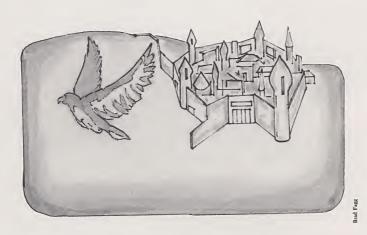
red to the ground in sunset the snow lay melted here and there two days after its falling the white owl let its call the beauty around us can be ours without the damning take us out of our fortified warehouses with their dark exploding spaces that work at nerve endings come if only for an impression that will lay a foundation sit by the fire sister come and weave what you have seen

AUTUMNAL

how many more resurrections can there be when fall brings the drip seeping into the dry rot of an old age is she just a scholar playing tricks with her bones pretending old when young with the thoughts of the ancients before her shaving off her disguise to lie exposed only to let it begin again everything on the fragile shell had been washed clean on a morning of early fall the last summer flowers hung fading after burning their colors did we open the door to strangle the morning into a memory or mount it like a transparency upon a green english countryside and so we looked at her the fashionable young girl she was a lock that caused us to react a picture of how we should feel if the afternoon had not become hot and filled us with mistrust

II. PAINTING

a partition comes between two faces smoke in the church blinds the sight of the madonna stripped clean the beauty of women becomes the positioning of a hand the slope of a shoulder the plurality in the glance of the singular the smile of the gioconda becomes a golden bird in a wood or parched bones on sand the present by the past expressed knowing the beauty of flight we are dragged to babylon



III. SONS OF PIONEERS

we are the sons of pioneers who drank jungle juice in the pacific or stopped in a bar for a beer in hopes of trading nylons & chocolate bars for gropes in a dirty room above the kurfürstendamm but we came home sick to build fallout shelters to go with the corporate expansions and cocktail parties by the pool

IV. A DUTCH COURTYARD

and here am i living in the land of promise that has fallen on hard times excess the escape of the land has gone wild leaving me dry and scattered living with all you can want becomes habit and i am easily captured by it i celebrate with gusto the 100th anniversary of kodak for giving me a print of a painting by pieter de hooch i enter the scene by degrees on a warm spring day de hooch saw the figures in the courtvard and his nervous system reproduced the scene in paint on a canvas a man with a camera and lights exposed a negative that was put on a plate and exposed to light and transferred to a blanket the plate was put on a drum inked that rolled against paper that received the image image reversed i look now and see a small girl wearing a white cap and blue smock having come from the kitchen she stands bowl in hand just before an undulation in the brick patio her mother stands before her with two seated gentlemen the apex of the triangle they form the gentlemen flirt with her both above and below board the one on the right smiles up at her thinking an open road is the fastest way to his destination saying nothing the other sits smoking his pipe lest he reveal his intentions to his friend he carefully slides his large square toed shoe brick by brick toward the woman's left foot which she has placed slightly ahead of the right pointing out in an accepting manner as if she wishes to sweep him into her she closes her eyes and drinks her beer knowing but not speaking leading out left open on the left is a gate while on the right a shutter is open leading in the three do not notice the child as she stands there her head in a plane with her mother's head stone standing hard and the church steeple on the left they do not notice as she watches and learns from her mother god's intermediary how to serve how to deal with men that will come at her from both sides she will probably put the bowl on the table run out the gate and up the stairs to the church square to talk to the scorned admirer some small consolation to him on a warm spring day later she will go inside

V. COLEUS

trinity in a leaf two assumptions of what it could be upon what it is the red blood in the white spirit in the green life world in a world

VI. EARLY MORNING SUMMER

i drive narrowed remembered roads that go through a summer town crepe myrtles in full bloom burn pink holes in the green landscape turning a corner to cross a stream the banks are wider more beautiful than before

VII. INVITATION TO A VOYAGE (CHINESE PICTOGRAPHS)

if there are too many cars seen through the row of trees to ignore them remove the world to become a line of vision walk in a time of ancient mists when alchemists poured their brews and wise men hid at night or slip in among the first travelers hurtling toward a light in the night sky in my tahiti i saw two mountains showing three peaks a host flanked by two guests likenesses same the guests were as sisters ships with the same destinations the first was a tree that bred life to its leaves through its mountainous roots and forking branches the second was a full white moon that appeared in a blue sky shifting the daylight and bringing the day to its logical conclusion the repetition of visions becomes passion the passion of repetition creates a suspension of time the progression of perception in time i wound the clock i saw the flower and the seed and the moon come regularly rising and so we sing our redemption songs

by Erik Lounsbury



Tired

Tired of pages and papers, pencils and pens Sick and tired of words, trying to talk all at once, obnoxiously staring at me, waiting and wanting to be read. Tired of head trips and mind games maze-like meanings playing hop-scotch in my brain.

by Amy Hoey

The Creation of the Human Experience in Musical Composition:

"A goal for every professional artist is not only to be artistically truthful to himself and to his audience but also to enliven these relationships with wit, conscience and style."

Wit, conscience, and above all, style are precisely the words that describe the philosophy and music of Robert Suderburg. He not only is conversant with the most recent works and innovations in musical composition in America and in Europe, he is also a musician-philosopher who explores the common strains of humanity which connect the composer to the audience. Suderburg spoke in depth on the spatiality and the emotional orders that a composer sketches in his music, often illustrating them with a brief hummed phrase. He often began an answer with, "The point is . . ." and then explained the answer and illustrated his thoughts with colorful examples drawn from a wide range of musical knowledge and experience. Our discussion commenced with musical appreciation in Europe and in the United States, moved to the communication theories of art and music, and finally brought into sharp focus more personal glimpses of the composer's work.

An
Interview
with
Robert
Suderburg

by Edward Allen and

Libby Garten



Student:

What is the influence of European musical tradition on American orchestras recently?

Suderburg:

That's an interesting thing which a lot of people don't think of because "European" is still the marketable thing. Russian ballet, European conductors, and things are still being imported. A lot of immigrants left Europe at various times, particularly during the Second World War. If you take the Middle Europeans, the Jews, and all the people who left Europe to come over here, it's the same situation as in science - we got a lot of the good intellectual resources, from Thomas Mann to Arthur Schnabel. Now our orchestras are basically people with third generation training - born in America. That's one of the reasons they're so good, too.

Student.

Do you think we have an established American musical tradition yet?

Suderburg:

Oh, sure, sure! In fact, it is so strong that the tables have turned. Europeans are seeking American performers. They don't seek American straight classical music, but they seek American avant-garde music and jazz, and they have ever since the twenties.

Student:

What is American straight classical music?

Suderburg:

Well, that is someone like Aaron Copland or Roger Sessions who writes for traditional symphony orchestras, or like the things that I write. But the Europeans go wild over the avant-garde chance kind of improvisation. For instance, John Cage is much bigger in Europe than he is in the United States.

Student.

Why do you think that is?

Suderburg:

Europe's a very small, sophisticated society in terms of the arts. It's not as egalitarian as the United States. They've tuned into the new and the innovative which in a lot of cases is sponsored by the government, believe it or not. It has become state policy to hold festivals that establish the European avant-garde. This goes back to the period after the Second World War and the fifties. You can go back to the Bauhaus or Dadaism and you find this kind of tradition or to the Neo-Socialists in Italy after the First World War. These people are social engineers. Have you seen the German movies that were done in the seventies or The Tin Drum or the French new wave out of the sixties? That's really wild stuff. You see, you have in this whole area an intellectual elite which tends to be socialist, to talk to the masses. It uses art in a political way in one sense, but uses art in another sense to open up a society to what is happening. Happenings, media events and installation art are big in Germany and have been big in France. It tends to be a whole media experience. It's what you eat, it's what you make up with a part of the audience, it's an event. For example, Pauline Oliveros is really one of the leading women composers in this country, and she has specialized in this kind of event-making part. She went to the city of Bonn about ten or twelve years ago when they were making a festival. At this festival all the church choirs did this at such-andsuch a time, then the bands marched. This kind of community event is very positive at one level; at another, it is a very highly intellectual and special thing only the "in" people know about it. Of course, levels vary widely within a society. The Pompidou center in Paris is a good example of government support of the new and innovative thing being done. It's a fabulous building. What goes on in there is fabulous, but it's really elitism to the third power. And in America, the whole thirties concept of socialism came out with people like Oliveros and John Cage. Cage was a literal hero figure in Europe. He's the only one of American composers well-known outside of some of the cowboy music that Copland wrote which is officially American because that's what they learn from the movies. I was over at the Third International Festival of the Music of Spain and the Americas, and there were three, no. four people who represented the Western Hemisphere — one from Canada and two from the United States. Cage was the only one that had a lot of attention. Even in Madrid there was a lot of that sort of thing. That's where American artists have been influential. You can see it in modern dance and you can certainly see it in avant-garde movies, although the center has shifted in those from the United States to France and then to Germany.

Student:

Has a shift toward conservatism in many countries taken away a supportive and benign attitude toward the arts?

Suderburg:

No. First of all, I think that the assumption is wrong. It has not taken the benign attitude away. Outside the United States, the more conservative the society, the more they support the arts. The arts are the bread and circuses for the people - it's what keeps them out of trouble. The better distinction is that the United States still has this distrust of art because art is European. The old cliché is that a European is someone who speaks a foreign tongue, comes to town, takes your money, and if you're not careful, he'll take your daughter, too. So you have this kind of thing, and you also have a strong anti-intellectual strain in American society - frontier antiintellectualism. The socialist expression in art and music is mainly an individual's response to shopping centers and the bureaucratic processing of everyone in the same way and so on. This is the way that the artist in France has responded.

Student:

What about the United States?

Suderburg:

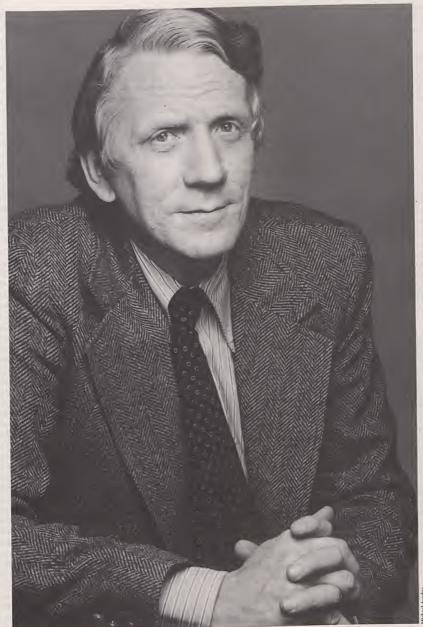
You know, the bureaucracy in this country is still New Deal all the way, and it's not going to change unless we have forty more years of this. You know, a really good book to read on this is John Kenneth Galbraith's A Life In Our Times. Of course, he is anti-Friedman and anti-supply-side trickledown theory. It's a fascinating book because it covers the whole development of this country from the late twenties, and he was in one way or another connected with it. When he gets down to where we are now, he says it won't work, of course, because it's not his kind of economics. His viewpoints are very mid-western liberal and limousine liberal talking about the poor masses out there that have to be taken care of. That's the whole Kennedy stance. I'm not sure where art is in all of this. Art is always connected to society in the sense that individuals respond to the social situation and the communities that they're in in a responsive, developmental and nourishing way. In music, it's a lot harder to pin down, but in literature it's easy to do.

Student:

On the back of the cover for "Within the Mirror of Time," you mentioned that the verses that accompany the composition are providing basically a helpful framework of experience in order to enter the proper frame of mind. Do you always write from experience, or is there also an *a priori* strain that you tap when you write music?

Suderburg:

You have to be very mechanical about it in a scientific way. In other words, we as physical entities receive signals through our senses and organize them. We organize them, that's not given, it's made up, like a clock or anything else. It doesn't exist except that we've created it. Now, as you're receiving all these stimuli through the senses, organizing it and categorizing it because that's the way you survive - you're building up memory banks of the experiences, like a computer program. This turns it on, that turns it off. You can train yourself to perceive only what you're looking for over a period of time. By the time you are graduates, you're overlooking ninety-eight percent of what's there, because you're so involved with the other two percent. Most of your information you take in through your eyes, because that's the way you've trained yourself to do it. Certainly, you cut out ninety-nine percent of what you hear, because that's the most personal sense. For instance, if you hear a loud sudden sound, you're right back in the jungle and you're running and hiding. If you're familiar with the whole theory now of how the memory chains are - you have the upper, middle, and lower brains - and the delineation between mammals, vertebrates, and fish; at any rate, sounds tend to be censored out in that kind of middle-brain response. You can also learn not to hear. That's one of those residual things you're always fighting against. The point is, though, that all these things come in as physical gestures, sounds, somebody hits you on the head; smells and taste are more subtle. Well, let's just stay with hearing, seeing and touching. In a piece of music, you're making gestures which are physical constructs of actual experiences. A musical pattern has intensity and relaxation. It comes at you. You can do it physically or you can do it with a musical gesture. In writing a piece, it's a process of putting a series of gestures in a row which have as their projected media sound shapes. There are sound shapes, there are visual shapes, there are sculptural shapes, and there are dance shapes. This is the common ground among all the arts. You write from all the experience that's built up from these perceived shapes. You're writing not only from the experience of having heard other music, but more importantly, you're writing from the basis of being an erect biped and the kind of experiences you've had.



This doesn't mean that if you've had a jolt of love at age fifteen, you're going to write a piece of music which is going to describe that - re-creation is not description. What it amounts to is that you're building an emotional structure in time. And that's what it's all about - that's why when you go at this, you have to go at it in terms of gestures in an order which adds up to a total experience - hopefully. And that you can say about most art works and most ways we communicate. So the given, you see, the common ground, the a priori, is the build-up of experience that's in you of - you know, whatever your life is, and the common ground in the way you process it, because that is the common ground between you and me. The result is, you see, that the exchange, the sharing, is that of the person who makes it and the person who perceives it and remakes it. One without the other doesn't exist. That's what it's about, and in that sense if the tree falls in the forest and you don't see it, it really doesn't exist as far as a work of art is concerned.

Student:

Do you approach music when you're actually composing it on more of a conscious or a subconscious level, in other words, this business about writing what you hear, actually putting yourself into that experience and trying to relate that experience in a form of music. I've heard it said that some composers simply form what they want to hear about a certain situation from a structural point of view.

Suderburg:

But, you see, you can't really separate structure from content because those are our ways of analyzing something. For example, all the Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven symphonies are in what are called sonata labor form. Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven never heard of that form. This term was brought up by English schoolmasters in the nineteenth century as a convenient way to describe the structure of these works. Beethoven tried as hard as possible to make his Eighth Symphony different from his Seventh, and each different from his Sixth. So the relationship between structure and content is a classic aesthetic bit, but in the long run, the structuralist point of view would be good for analysis after the fact. It is also absolutely essential in the process of building a work because what you're doing is loving what you've done and then you're criticizing what you've done, and then you're thinking about the whole thing, and you're constantly going back from these various levels. It's not perception, it's simple focus, focusing on this, focusing on that. For example, when you start a piece with a hazy idea, well, I just finished a piece which has got a sequence of events. It's a solo concerto which has got a cadenza, and there's something called Dark Pageant and then Lyric. Now those are very general descriptions. The pageant is a parade of things that march by your experience. It's somewhat spectral, and then you have a lyric reaction. Just think of music in a kind of sociological way, you know, the things you do in large groups with music: marches, dances, and things like that. The things that you do alone tend to be the lyric song. So you can see already a distinction in terms of your experience. Very personal statements are usually made in the lyrical areas, and in the social comment sections. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony is a classic example of that, and you can compare that with a Schubert song written ten to fifteen years later. Schubert is with his little group, communicating with these very special emotional states, while Beethoven is making those statements for a community, although in the same work Beethoven will also do those little personal statements. When you talk about structure, structure is a result of an act. If you try to prestructure this series of acts all the time, you're going to end up with something dull, just as if you don't structure at all. Mozart is the great example of how to work a structure. You start off with something from the "Jupiter" symphony, "Bum didi um didi um" in a march style, so what's going to come next? You've made a gesture. You can do something different, "Bah dum, dah di, dah dah" (lyrically rising) or you can do the same thing again. You have no other choices. That's the way you build the structure. What the human experience is, is in what is the "Bum didi um didi um," and you know what that is. You don't need to be told it's a march because it has a shape pattern that you can put your body into. The pattern "Bah dum, dah di, dah dah" is a lyric response. And people understand that. You have to be trained for years in order to put your finger on it and know how it works, but you do understand the emotional structure. If I went, "Rrum, rrum" or I went, "La di da da" you would know what they're about generally. You don't need anyone to tell you that.

Student:

What experiences do you feel that you are patterning in your music?

Suderburg:

Well, you get to the stage where experiences are the material itself, and you're in the symbolic mode and you can think what you're doing literally. For instance, the Baudelaire concerto. This is a night voyage - it's all explained in the text and it's all set up so you can focus on it in terms of a night voyage experientially. You know why, if you've ever stayed up all night. It's a combination of French and Mediterranean textures. It starts off with the sadness of dark bit, then goes into midnight dances - night winds and midnight dances - then after such sophisticated revelry you go into the abyss, which is the reaction, and so forth. The finale comes. It's very Baudelairean and very optimistic, I mean, it ends up with dawn, and dawn is positive. I just wanted to create that emotional order. The musical material developed to create that order. At any rate, structure and content are not conflicting. You think of an emotional order and then you begin to develop the materials that totally project it, and the structure that results is nine times out of ten going to be different from your original plan. I went to pick Baudelaire texts to fit that, because that of course is very characteristic of his poetry. Now that's a piece with text, which is the usual way of intercommunication, that sets the people up so that they're looking for these kinds of gestures that they associate with light, with dusk, with dawn, with dances, with wind, with abysses, with leaves. Those are like buzzwords in modern communications, in the sense that they make you focus. That's why I used the text in the piano concerto. They could at least be sensitive to the gestures and then forget about the text when they hear the music. When you get an instrumental piece which doesn't have this literary cue, because that's what it is, a cue, and that's what Berlioz used it for, as a cue, you're in a situation where basically you have to supply your own cues through the physical gestures in the piece itself. Mozart said that when he was writing symphonies, he was writing opera without words, because of the drama — it could be boy-girl, anger, whatever you want to do. The point is that you as a listener will be playing with the gestures in an active, not a passive way. That's why the art of listening takes as much as that of writing. It's just as much alive.

Student:

You've mentioned literary passages, physical gestures, drama, dance — this sounds like a very interdisciplinary approach to the composition of music. Or is it this way because of the interaction of the senses?

Suderburg:

Well, when you're talking about something, that's already interdisciplinary. The way to really talk about it is simply to make music and throw at you. You respond back to the music - it has its own language. The creative process itself has nothing to do with the rest of the arts or their forms or their media, absolutely nothing. What has something to do with a common ground is the human thinking process which is common to the sculptor and the composer, as well as between the person who looks at a piece of sculpture and the person who hears a piece of music. If you think of the way that you look at a painting, the way you look at a sculpture, the way you perceive a play, it's all in units, in a sequence.

Student:

This sounds very much like Levi-Strauss structuralism.

Suderburg:

That's the whole communications structures bit, which is the basis for a lot of this stuff, and it works. It's ambiguous enough to be applied to the experience of anything. Communications theory is that way. The whole information theory concept of analysis has been rather dynamic in terms of freeing people to get down to the basic stuff. It's not really interdisciplinary. When you're writing a piece of music, that is the beginning, middle and end, and the musical gestures with which you are working are more real than real. That is the whole world at that point and everything is in it. You have heard the old cliché about art being more real than life - it's true. Most of the time we're turned off. We're turned off at least eighty-five percent of the time for survival, and the danger is that it might unleash things in us, and it can get pretty dangerous if you go out and slaughter someone rather than doing it in the work.

Student:

You mentioned existentialism on the back of the cover to your record "Within the Mirror of Time." What about three-

dimensional music? Have you ever written anything that you consider to be threedimensional?

Suderburg:

Yes, you see, here's the thing. You can look at existentialism more or less temporally where things happen one after the other, and each moment will be as important as the other, so that you're so involved that you forget about the rest - which is really impossible. Or you can look at it spatially. When you're writing a piece for orchestra, you always think spatially. You don't think about where it's coming from and how it's related to what it's coming from, particularly given the set arrangement of the orchestra, but you're thinking of space in terms of what kind of hall it will be played in and what kind of orchestra will play it. For example, if you write for the Philadelphia Orchestra, you can write very many layers of things that can be heard clearly, not only because of the orchestra. but also because the hall is very dry. You wouldn't hear it the same way with the Boston Symphony because it has a very reverbal hall, and a lot of things you would hear in Philadelphia, you would not hear in Boston. These are the two extremes of good concert halls. The other thing is given the same concert hall and the same performance, if you sit in different seats, you hear different pieces. That's one of the interesting things about switching seats if you can. When I was doing a lot of avantgarde performances, we used to do all sorts of things in odd places, and we made use of space. There was one real good trombone player I used to work with, and I still do, and we would find very reverberant spaces and try to do funny things in them. We'd try to get echoes off the hall and use dramatically the spatial placement of people, and we'd mix up the audience in a gallerylike sense. One of the most interesting instances of this was a tape done in the Palace of the Popes in Avignon, when he was in Europe. It's got a thirteen-second sound delay, and you could play a tone and it would last for thirteen seconds. So he accompanied himself and improvised the whole thing. It's really neat. It's called "The Abbey Tapes." It's like wallpaper wash that makes everyone feel really good - the Malibu beach style. You do use space, and vou're very conscious of it. You're also conscious of space vertically, you know, high and low tones, and you're

conscious of space in terms of timbre, because there are some instruments which will project more than others in certain contexts and certain ranges. Ultimately, you can talk about all that in terms of texture. Ravel and Debussy are just masters at that — you'll hear some low notes off somewhere, than all of a sudden, something comes to the foreground. That's one of the reasons that the orchestra is still very popular with composers, because you can put in a whole soundscape, human drama thing. That's one of the reasons that they're still doing the big orchestral scores in the movies, like Star Wars.

Student:

You know when you're listening to a musical composition and you literally hear five or six different things going on, and all of a sudden one will pop out, it's like walking down a practice room floor and hearing all the different things. . .

Suderburg:

Well, we did one thing here last year. Part of it was Pauline Oliveros' "Anarchy Waltz" for which we set out ten or eleven upright pianos in the galleria and the audience was supposed to walk through there. They were all to play different waltzes at the same time. They were very reverbal as a whole through space as well as near the individual pianos. What you should have done is spent eight hours in the galleria walking back and forth. Then you're really into it. There are even films like that, I don't know if vou've seen some of the avant-garde films which are literally pictures of a hallway which last for eighteen hours as they take you all the way through. It often created certain cults where you go into the hall somewhere and just sit there. The whole thing is to see what it does to your perception. It's like meditation.

Student.

You mentioned some specific groups and people for whom you have written. Do you usually write with a specific performer in mind?

Suderburg:

Well, yes, because the commissions come from specific persons and groups, so you obviously tailor the commission for whomever you are writing. If you are writing for a soloist, it is particularly important, like the percussion concerto I wrote for Bookspan of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Other professionals can play it, but he has certain mallet techniques which are just phenomenal, so you're going to use what the performer can do. There are also certain the professional control to the professional can be used to the professional can be

tain characteristics of the larger ensembles. If you're going to write for the Philadelphia Orchestra, you've got a big emotional group of people, and they really have a lot to give, and when you get them going, it's like nothing you've ever experienced. It's not like the Philharmonic, who are carping all the time because they had trouble on the subway. At any rate, when I write for the Philadelphia Orchestra I know the tradition and the men, and I can write in solos for friends. If you do put in solos for your friends, they'll play better because they have vested interest. If you were writing for the Cleveland Orchestra, it would be a little different. It's not an a priori thing, it occurs as you go, as you listen and think that it might be nice to throw that in.

Student:

So this last piece is for harp and orchestra for the Philadelphia Orchestra?

Suderburg:

Yes, yes. That is for Marilyn Costello who is principal harpist with the orchestra. It's not all done yet. It's done as far as the harp part and the short score. I have to do the piano score, and I'm working on the final taping of the short score and projecting it onto the full score. I'll be done with that probably by this spring sometime.

Student:

Is that how you normally go about writing an orchestra piece?

Suderburg:

No, what you do is you make sketches, and these sketches can range from scribbles, to silly ideas, to whatever, and the sketches, well, it's more a discovery process than anything else. When you're doing the sketching you're finding all the potentials for that kind of material. You're playing around with orders and what's effective, what's memorable, what you like, and so on. The general thing with a concerto is basically the one versus the multitude, the individual and the orchestra, and you're at the point where you take the soloist into consideration. Then you write the short score. That is written away from the piano and you think of all the gestures which are practically tied to instruments. Then you cast these in sketches which summarize what the orchestration is going to be like. And then you go directly from that to the full score. The way that I use the piano is to check things out to make sure what I think I hear, I hear. It's very hard to find ideas at the piano. So it's a testing instrument. The short score is like conjuring, and you make believe that you're seeing what it is that you're playing.

Student:

What is the composition like the first time you hear it with the orchestra? Is it normally what you intended to write and to hear? Are you ever surprised at what it sounds like?

Suderburg:

Yes, it's normally what you've intended, but you have to realize that what you're doing is making an educated guess, and anybody who says he knows exactly what it's going to sound like is a liar. If you're going to be logical about it, you don't know about that until it happens, right? You can get a reasonably good idea of what the result is going to be. The key thing is the actual response of the musicians. The notation is like a psychological cue to act, within certain limitations, and unless they act, it won't some out. That tells you if you are a composer or not. If you have a settled style period, like Mozart . . . well, I imagine Mozart could have said with assurance that he would get eighty-five percent of his estimate. In a really mixed style period where a lot of new things are being tried, if you can get fifty or sixty percent, you're doing pretty well. Bad composers who try to do interesting things might not get much of it right at all. So you're not sure what it's going to sound like, but you have a good idea of what it will sound like. That's part of the fun.

Student: Suderburg: What are your plans for the future?

Survival! (chuckling) Survival is always one of the main things one has to worry about, survival as an individual with sensitivity, and that takes a lot of energy. One always worries about two things, one is very personal, and one is job-oriented. I am very concerned to develop my own career as I want to, and I am also concerned that the School of the Arts develops the way it should. You know, I don't like administration, I think it's really dull. Most of the problems that happen people are able to solve themselves anyway. It does help in this context with all these high-powered people around here for them to have someone here who understands what they are going through. I am here to support what the students are doing. I have my own thing to do, and that enables me to do this. I don't have much ego involvement with the artistic productions of the students, but I do have a lot of involvement with the

artists of the school. The point is that they know that there is sympathy and judgement here.

Student:

Do you think that most musicians and artists work elsewhere so they can run off now and then to compose?

Suderburg:

Well, they say that, but the point is that art and music are social activities, no matter what you say. Look at sculpting, at the visual arts, that's the hard way to go. Whew! Galleries, shows, everything, music is bad, but that's a very picky area. You have to be a real politician in order to make it on the national level in any kind of exhibition. The reason that I took this job was that I wanted to get back East, back home, I mean, that's where they publish. And you know, universities are not very good places for the artist because they're kind of like kept lovers or showpieces on campus. This kind of school and its rela-

tionship to the actual professions was where I wanted to be in the sense that I am supposed to continue working as a composer. It has proven to be very stimulating here. In many cases, however, the artist is never right, he's like some sort of exotic pet, or in some other world. I like to be treated seriously as if I had as much to do with educational goals as an English composition teacher.

Robert Suderburg is a conductor, composer, and pianist who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1966 with his PhD. He became chancellor of the North Carolina School of the Arts in 1974. He is the recipient of grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Hindemith Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, and John Simon Guggenheim Fellowships in 1968 and 1974, among others. His works include orchestra music, cantatas for voice and chamber orchestra, chamber music, and compositions for piano, band and for choir. His most recent work, still in progress, is a concerto for harp and orchestra which will premiere with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Sands

The harder I try
To grasp
The meaning of life
The more it evades me;
Like the sands of the ocean
Sifting through my fingers.

by Becky Garrison

Stage

The nether-poets, one-by-one, With rhinestones gilded, and cut glass, Stepped forward on the astral stage To sing their plastic songs. Assurances of what would come Insured the ladies' backstage pass. Their minds assaulted, drunken rage Their ecstasy prolonged. And watch them! Watch them falling down, The towerglass is falling down! They lost the only game in town. As some buy shirts with lots of feet And "Cincinnati" on the back, A few remain back in their seats, Waiting, as the roadies pack, Just for

One more Encore...

by James Norris

Boccaccio

Who admires Boccaccio, and Annabele Caracci, Who admires Madonnas where art is Whistler's Mother on the calendar that The funeral home gives away? Who knows Shakespeare, who reads Donne When romances are more exciting? Who sings Verdi in the shower On the farm?

by James Norris







The Spirit in the Jar

by Tom Albritton

It was the largest barn that I had ever seen. No question. I pulled off the road and got out of the car for a closer look. The walls reached out in all directions, making the rows of windows across the front appear tight and tiny. Tufts of dried, cut wheat straw pushed out of each opening, freeze-spilling across the grey bare-board wall below each sill.

The children could be heard, even from the edge of the meadow—out by the road. Their voices came off the barn wall, hitting me only seconds later. I watched and listened.

Steph was running barefoot through the volunteer wheat and grass along the base of the barn when his big toe stopped quick against something half buried—smooth and cold. The boy cried out like a pig caught across the snout with hot wire. He hopped up and down on his good leg, kicking and spinning in clumsy pirouettes. Steph finally came to rest in the grass with his calf and foot cradled in his arms just inches from his nose.

The toe bled slowly and quietly. Blood dried around the outer edge of the nail and formed a congealed pool along the swollen earth-tone flesh of the cuticle seam. Steph examined it quickly and thoroughly; then he glared in vengeful anger into the grass, determined to find the culprit.

There in the ground, only a few hops away, lay a tiny corner of milk-white porcelain, painted with blue partridge and jasmine vine. Steph crawled over to it; he moved slowly, like a young hound to a toad. Carefully probed around the corner with his finger: curiosity rejuve-

nated, pain forgotten.

He uncovered more and more of the corner until a soiled ginger jar lay loose—full of dirt—in the fresh crater. The base of the jar was heavy, one sunbaked corner washed clean with rain.

"Hey, Pete, c'mere and look!"

"What y'got, Steph?"

"Buried treasure. Found it wid my big toe. See? Look at the blood."

"Dag! Did it hurt?"

"Naaaa-

"Shoot! You found somethin'?"

"Yup. Treasure. Look." He pointed. Pete began to chew on his finger and stepped in close.

The two boys stood above the pit and looked down at the jar.

"I bet it come from a king's tomb!" said Pete. "What'll we do widdit?"

"We? I found dis secret magicpowered jar, and I'm keepin' it. Probably ain't got but a few wishes left. When those are out, I can sell it." Steph's eyes slid from one side to the other as he weighed out his options.

"You mean you ain't lettin' me in? Half nor part nor nuthin'?"

"Course not! I give my big toe for it, didn't I?"

"I guess." He frowned. "Then why the hell did you even show me? C'mon and let me in, just a little. One magic wish or somethin'.

"You know if I hadn't been here wid you, you prob'ly wouldn't 'a' been here neither.

"Ever come here alone? Hell, no. I know you. If I didn't drag you out here, you'd never come around dis old barn. Talkin' of ghosts and haints—Shoooot!"

Pete had a way of pulling this word out to great lengths, like warm caramel, until it sagged in the middle and swung freely from his lips.

"I ain't neither scared to come here by myself, Pete Strayhorn! Just no fun, dat's all. Besides, we coulda stayed here all day and never seed this little jewel, 'less I hada kicked it wid my toe."

"Well, we're wastin' time arguing about it. Let's see if it works. Might not work, you know. Might not be nuthin' at all. 'Cept a jar wid birds and weeds painted on it."

"Oh it's somethin' all right. Watch

Steph picked the ginger jar out of its

tomb and wiped away moist hunks of dirt that stuck to the sides. He spat onto it and wiped it shiny with his shirt-tail. Polished it dry. Then he set it down in the grass by the feet of the two boys—facing each other on either side of the jar.

"Well," said Pete, "What happens now? Nuthin's happening, is it? Do you know how to work this thing?" He was trying to confuse Steph with impatience. He was trying to convince Steph that operating the Jar, doing magic in general, was no small task—hardly a one-person job.

"Course I know how to work it! Hain't you never seen TV when they find a jug or a bottle? Well dis is the same thing. You just gotta rub a little on de sides like dis"

Steph reached over and began to trace smooth circles on the wall of the ginger jar, holding the base steady with his other hand.

"Well, what happens now?"

"I wish you'd quit saying dat, Pete. It makes me nervous. And spirits don't like to be around nervous folks."

"Maybe it ain't a spirit-in-the-jar kind of jar. Maybe it's something you wish on, like a charm or a light in the sky."

"So all I'd, uh..., we'd have to do is look at it real hard and wish for somethin', and it'd be?"

" 'At's what I'm thinkin'."

"Sure worth a try," Steph said, with ambitious confidence.

Both of the boys froze, staring at the blue and white ginger jar. They pulled their eyes in tight for emphasis. Sweat pooled in the gullies of their foreheads. It washed down across their faces through the gates of their brows.

"You gotta wish?"

"Sh!" said Pete. "I'm thinkin'."

A second more passed. "Close your eyes real tight and wish," said Pete.

"Okay." And Steph did. "Got your wish?"

"Uh-huh."

"Okay, open your eyes." And Steph did. He looked at Pete; Pete looked back at Steph. Each waited for the other's wish to materialize. They sat in the sun, in the tall, fertile grass. The barn loomed like a great wool blanket behind them, making the heat more intense. The two boys waited.

"Did your wish come true?" asked Pete.

"I don't know."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell. How 'bout yours?"

"Don't know."

"How come?"

"I'll have to wait and see."

"We'll wait and see."

"Yeah."

The wind blew very hard the next day. It came across the back side of the hill and rushed over the foil of the barn roof. Carried loose strands of wheat straw from the windows; delivered the straw through the air and across the field like spring spiders.

Deep black clouds were tossed through the sky. They bounced off each other. Came into view over the hill top, then disappeared beyond the tree line. Pete's face appeared from behind the corner of the barn. He ran, squint-eyed, around the side and into the stable area through the front door. He was in a nervous haste to get out of the weather and remained so even after stopping to breathe just inside the door opening. He looked out of the door and across the meadow toward Steph's place, continuing to pace and fidget, until he noticed Steph's bright red cap bouncing through the grey pasture, up from the

Pete looked at the jerking arms and hands of Steph one at a time, as Steph ran through the meadow below the barn. He looked, then looked again. Shook his head and looked a third time. But the porcelain jar was not there. What had happened? Had he forgotten? What was his wish? Maybe something naughty that made his parents take the jar and smash it into a million pieces.

Maybe Steph's wish had failed too. He thought the whole game to be an embarrassing mistake. Too embarrassing now to even warrant selling the trinket for fear of being recognized as the "fool who believed."

No. Steph's wish must not have come true, either. He called as the runner approached.

"Hey, Steph, bet you got your wish,

"Nope," Steph answered, bursting through the door past Pete. Back through the darkness of the barn's interior.

"No?"

"Huh-uh." He reappeared from the shadows and stood by the door with Pete.

"Why not?"

"Who knows. Probably you makin' me nervous and all. I warned you dis would happen. You just don't know spirits like I do, Pete."

"Oh, shut up.

"Why? I got a right to be mad. After all, I found the thing. I even bled on it. My toe still hurts from it. It's only right that I get the wish, at least the first one, 'stead o' you."

"What do you mean, 'stead o' me? I didn't get my wish neither!"

Both boys stood, silent for a few moments, staring at each other—windblown and stung by rain—standing in the door of the barn.

"You didn't?"

"Hell-Naaaa!"

"Well—you wasn't nervous, too, was you?"

"Didn't think so."

"'Cause spirits don't like . . . "

"I know, I know. You done told me bout spirits a few hunerd times, Steph."
"Oh."

Another pause stretched out between Steph and Pete. Finally, Steph asked, "What did you wish for, anyway?"

Pete looked up. "I wished that I was rich and powerful, just like the king what owned dat before us. I want to live just like him, Steph. And let dis barn be my castle and dis land be my kingdom. What a fine king I'd be. What a fine life.

"But when I woke up this mornin' I was still in my own bed, in my house. No closer to being a king than I was a day ago. Still, I ran down here—but dat barn won' the castle. It never will be. Not for

"Tell me 'bout your wish, Steph."

"Me? I wanted to fly like a bird—like the swifts that live up in the roof, like the straws of wheat when they're torn from the windows by the wind and ride it 'way 'cross the pasture into the trees. Think about it. Wouldn't it be just grand!

"I got up this morning and went out into the yard with all my faith in that magic jar. I knew I could fly. I leapt up into the air, kicked out my legs, reached out towards the trees—and fell flat on my face. See?" He pointed to a rising bruise on his forehead and to scratches on his knees and chin.

"I can't fly, Pete. I can't. Swifts can fly; wheat can fly; but I can't fly. I just fall and bleed."

"I guess there's nothing in dat jar after all."

"Guess not." Steph hung his head and kicked up some dry dirt from the floor. "Where is the jar, anyway?" he asked.

"What? I thought you had it. I looked for it in your hand when you'uz runnin' up the hill. When it won't there, I thought you'd lost it or broke it on somethin'."

"No. You picked it up last, Pete. I sat it back in the hole after we wished, remember?"

The rain came hard now. Steph and Pete moved back deep into the barn. They sat and listened. Outside, the water was falling down the slope, carrying layers of mud through the grass, and the land became smooth and colorful in the wash. A tiny hole, finger-dug, was levelled smooth, with one white corner probing higher than the dirt. The sound of cars from the highway was drowned in a fierce consumption of wind and rain. Blowing and blowing for the better part of a day.

STARTING OVER

A friend found, A love shared, A trust forsaken, A stranger.

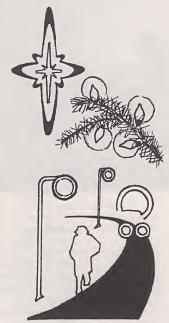


Awakening

Awakening a new opening in the sky a warm spot of light golden crystals crashing through third-eye explosion, soul centering in my deepest heart Feeling anew seeing all again for the first time as One Someone's knocking, and my door has opened now discovering the New World outside, inside, no sides just new. Awakening to new spirit light and airy sun-drops crystallize here and twinkle in my eyes.

by Amy Hoey

Gold and silver radiate false pines Rushing shoppers spend Brightly blinking bulbs burst red and green Dozens of cards clutter daily mail Decorations envelop the bustling city Horns blare, lights flash, people scurry secret bundles All in dashing preparation for the twenty fifth.

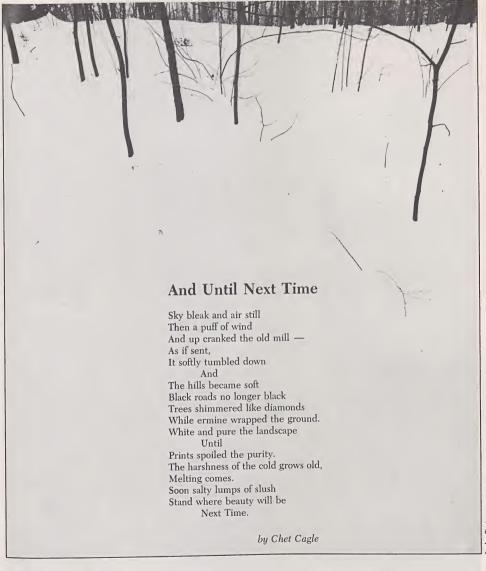


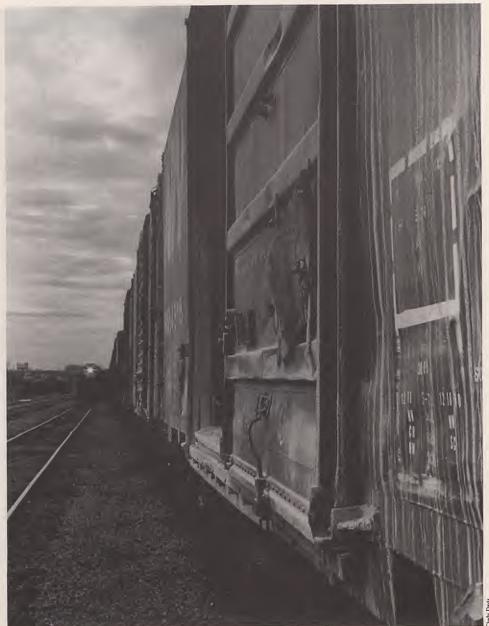
Brad Fagg

High in the sky a gentle star burns meaning and tranquility True gifts willingly placed beside a manger Infant, King, Savior born to bring peace and happiness to the world.

by Jeff Ferraro







FINDING AN OASIS IN THE WASTELAND:

AN INTERVIEW WITH

JIM BOOTH

For several years a teacher of high school English, Jim Booth is working on a master's thesis at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro and awaiting word on the publication of his first novel. Booth has chosen Jane Austen, the eighteenth-century novelist noted for her meticulous attention to the interpersonal aspects of social behavior, for the subject of his master's research. His own first novel, Morte d'Eden, explores episodically the social environment of his high school days at Eden Morehead near Greensboro. Described by a former student as "a man very conscious of where he has been, where he is, and where he is going," Booth demonstrates this awareness in the following remarks which he made one afternoon in response to the Student's queries.

by Norris Smith

Student:

Jim, Morte d'Eden has been either completed or nearly completed for years. In that period of time you have had the chance to learn first-hand what it is like trying to get published. How does the undiscovered author go about getting his book in print?

Booth:

There are two routes that you can take if you're an aspiring author looking for national attention. A) You can do it yourself, try to deal directly with the publishers, which is an extremely arduous route. It's the one I've chosen to use and I think I'm finally near pay-dirt, but this has been going on for fifteen months now that I've been

directly — really longer than that — but directly involved in this process. The second route, of course, is through hiring an agent. "Agenting" is a big business. For the novice author or for the person who has just completed a large work of fiction, be it a novel or a romance, or whatever he wants to call it, and who is looking to place that work with the publisher and who approaches an agent, that person can expect to spend a minimum of five hundred dollars up front to put that agent to work for you. I've had some very nice experiences with agents, people who were very helpful, but they wanted a lot of up-front money. But I did not want to spend five hundred dollars

and so I found myself increasingly grown disenchanted with that end of the business. I will not say that it's not the way to go because I might have already been published had I decided to go ahead and blow the five hundred dollars and hire an agent. And you know I could have had the five hundred dollars paid back and maybe had my novel published and be a household name by now (who knows), hiding out, like J. D. Salinger. But that's unlikely. There are two or three things that you have to keep in mind. If you are a new author, you are starting from ground zero. Nobody knows who you are and frankly, my dear, they don't give a damn, unless you are some kind of super hotshot who comes up with something absolutely brilliant, like Joseph Heller did with Catch-22. But the chances of that are between slim and none, you know. Let's say you have written an above-average work - let's say an excellent work of fiction, rather than a work of genius, okay? I would say my first novel is an excellent piece of fiction, rather than a work of genius. Looking back on it now, I know it is. You're in a terrible position in today's publishing world. If you've written something that is literate, intelligent, meaningful - you can forget it. Nobody wants to read that. They want to read about incest, they want to read pornography, they want to read jet-set literature, they want to read soap-operatic stuff. People are obsessed with the lives of the rich and famous, they're obsessed with sex, and they're obsessed with perversion of all sorts. And catastrophe. These are the things that sell.

If you're Jim Booth you won't sell novels unless you have written something that is surpassingly brilliant. Take Kennedy O'Toole for example, and his novel, Confederacy of Dunces. It's not a particularly brilliant book. It got the Pulitzer Prize, but that's no great criterion. Ask any English professor what got the Pulitizer Prize in 1929, the year that Look Homeward, Angel, The Sound and the Fury, and Farewell to Arms were published. It wasn't any of those books. O'Toole's book got the approval of a major literary figure, Walker Percy, who, of course, wrote The Moviegoer. By having Percy say that this was a good book, it became a national bestseller. But that is very unlikely. There's also a lot of tragedy involved in it; the guy blew himself away, etcetera. Poisioned himself or whatever. Who cares? I'm certainly not interested. And I don't find his book particularly inspiring or brilliant. The problem with American publishing is that Americans are so democratic about everything. We need some class consciousness in this country. That's the only way we're going to have quality literature. Literature has always been promoted by the nobility. The only nobility we're going to have is Ralph Nader telling us it's going to be based on academic degree, the "Baronetey of the BA" as he calls it.

Student:

You spoke about the kinds of things that are being read today — incest, sex, etc. Why isn't good literature selling? Certainly there are plenty of good authors around. What is it about contemporary fiction that the public doesn't like, and how do you fit in?

Booth:

That's a hard question for me to answer. I'm trying to write American social novels. I try to picture people in the social situations that you meet with, as Americans, growing up in America. I'm not trying to write initiation literature. I'm more interested in social situations. How a generation or how young people (at this particular moment I'm writing about young people as I get older I'm going to write about older and older people) deal with certain social conventions, you know? What some people don't seem to understand is that I'm not particularly interested in what my hero is going to become as a result of this. As to whether he'll be initiated in some way because of his experience in the story or the novel isn't that important, but more so, how he functions. how he applies his American social skills and background to his life situations as created by me in the novel. There's a wonderful quotation by Anthony Trollope, author of The Pallisers, where he was asked by a critic why Plantagenet Palliser behaved in a particular manner at one point in these series of novels he did on the Palliser family. And Trollope said, "That is the only way that Plantagenet Palliser could behave in that situation." That's what I'm after. How people will behave in certain social situations. I'm trying to get at an American social ethos, if you will. That's what I'm interested in. My thesis is on Jane Austen, the social novelist primeval. I'm obsessed with this idea of social order in America. I think that it's an area that has not been thoroughly explored by our novelists because they they have been so obsessed with the American Adam - the new beginning creature, a singular man in a singular situation. I'm interested in groups.

Student:

So you are saying that there is a philosophical problem. How about the pragmatic approach? There are also financial problems with getting published, aren't there? In general, which of the two is the bigger problem?

Booth:

OK. There are enormous numbers of people writing. I will say that ninety-five percent of them are bad writers, or at least mediocre writers who don't need to be heard from. There is,

however, a group of well-educated writers attempting to do interesting things. It may be to write about rock 'n' roll seriously, as some of my cohorts have tried to do. I have tried it myself, on occasion. And I may try it yet, I don't know. It is a major force in our generation. There are people who need to be heard from who are not being heard from. And, yes, they're not being heard from for pragmatic reasons, and for doctrinal reasons that govern publishing houses. They are looking for a particular type of literature. And if you don't quite fit what their conception of the American novel is, then they won't really think of you seriously.

Student:

So the publishing houses are basically dictating the direction of American fiction, then.

Booth:

They do now because they have all the money. The large houses do.

Student:

Do you perceive they are directing it in the wrong direction?

Booth:

Not necessarily. There are new people who are being published all the time, you know. There are people even as we speak who are opening their letters of acceptance. And talent will emerge. Talent will out. I'm a firm believer in that. American publishers, to my mind, are not so much dictatorially pointing us in wrong directions as they are so archly conservative that sometimes they miss new trends. It has always been that way. That will probably always be the case due to the pragmatics of publishing, which is something probably we need to get into at this point.

Student:

Which publishing houses have you dealt with?

Booth:

I've dealt with Charles Scribner and Sons, Harper and Row, I've dealt with a small house out west called Peregrine Smith, I've dealt with a small house with a large amount of money, called Everest House in New York. I have dealt with some of the paperback publishers, like Ace Books. I've dealt with all sorts of small publishers, including Blair Publishing in Winston-Salem. They're very nice people. I'll give them a little plug here. Whether or not they do the book, I don't care; they were very nice to me. My experience has been, of course, that the bigger the house, the smaller a drop in the bucket you are. The people who have been the most serious and sincere with me have been small-tomedium-sized houses. Houses that are issuing fewer than one hundred books a year.

Student:

As far as the economics go, how are the smaller houses able to publish you? You made a remark earlier to the effect that the large houses with all the money are controlling the market. If it takes a lot of money to publish, how do the smaller houses afford it?

Booth:

The smaller companies are able to afford to publish a few novels every year because they make most of their money printing non-fiction. There is a great demand in the market for self-help books of all kinds, for example, whether it be how to raise a garden or how to find God. The small houses take a terrific financial beating on fiction, but there are many who are willing to sacrifice monetary gain for the opportunity to see something worthwhile in print.

Student:

How does the average starving young author go about supporting himself financially?

Booth:

Well, if he's like this starving young author he has his wife working to support him, and he goes to graduate school full time, and he teaches some technical college classes on the side, which is all right. I taught seven years in high school, so teaching on the college level is much nicer even though it's just a technical college. I know I will continue to teach on the college level because there are positions opening up where people are leaving the field. People are interested in getting their MBA and becoming a tycoon, which leaves the field open for those of us who still love English and literature enough to plug away toward the Ph. D.

Student:

This is a touchy question. You referred earlier to the kinds of literature that are making money now. Someone who is trained to write might find it difficult to do something else for a living. There are some writers, who, for economic reasons, sell out. There are also those who would die before they would write a Harlequin Romance. What effect do you feel this kind of market has on the creativity of young writers? Is good literature being stifled?

Booth:

Well, a man much wiser than I called it a wasteland, and I'm not going to argue. There are those who will write romances to make money, and there are some who can do it both ways. More power to them. I know I can't do it, because I tried. I find it difficult to sit down and write something that I'm ashamed to put my name on. And I'm sure there are many writers who have put down their pens in frustration. You hate to see it, but it happens.

Student:

How do the economics of writing poetry compare to the economics of writing fiction? Is it more or less difficult to be published as a poet?

Booth:

The university presses do poetry a great service by publishing as much as they do. Most

college-aged poets can get published fairly easily. Some of them are very good, and some of them are just awful. However, the more they write, the better they get, and some of them get to be very good. In poetry, you have to be very tough-minded about the publishing business, more than you do with fiction. With fiction you probably can get published. You won't sell a lot of books or make a lot of money, but if you plug away you probably can get published. It usually takes two or three years, but it will probably come out. With poetry you could plug away for two or three years and not get out. You could do it for ten years and maybe not get out.

Student:

If you fall into this category of "unknown," what exactly are your options if you wish to continue with your fiction or poetry?

Booth:

There are a number of nice books around, self-help books, on publishing. One of the best that I have seen is done by Harper and Row and it's called How to Get Happily Published. This is a book that any serious young writer should take a look at, because it offers you a lot of options. If you are an author of fiction, a novelist, I think that if you really want an agent, you should hire one. Probably, if you are willing to plug along and get your first novel out, you can hire one much more cheaply than you could with just a manuscript. If you are a poet, I think that you have to seriously consider either "vanity presses," as they're called, or self-publishing. Selfpublishing can be a very hairy route, although you can do it much more economically than you could working with a vanity press such as Vantage Press or Exposition Press. The nice thing about vanity presses is that they will do a lot of public relations work for you. They will send out review copies to newspapers and things of that nature, and will try to get you a bit of a foothold. They will do that as part of the deal. If you're self-publishing, all you would have to pay for, it would seem, is the actual cost of printing the book; you also have to consider that there is a lot of public relations work that you have to do yourself. There are a lot of mailings required to get review copies into the hands of newspapers and magazines. There are lots of these sorts of things that you have to do that would be done for you by a vanity press. As a matter of fact, A. R. Ammons published his first book of poetry with a vanity press, so that gives you some indication of the kind of people who have to go to vanity just because of the state of poetry.

Student:

If you do self-publish, once you have your book of poetry in hand, who do you send it to?

Booth: Literary magazines, university magazines,

obviously, newspapers, as many as you can afford to send, and especially if you think you know people who would be sympathetic. You obviously want to get good reviews so that when you approach publishers who publish at a loss all the time as a service, and are sometimes funded by universities or big publishing houses or by grants from the federal government, they will consider you seriously because you can send them Xerox clippings of your good reviews and they will say, "Oh, you must be good, so we will consider publishing your book."

Student:

Of the houses you told us you are dealing with currently, which would you prefer to deal with and why?

Booth:

If Everest House, whom I've been dealing with for a year now, accepts my book, I have to accept "tag-along" distribution. Tag-along distribution is a process whereby small publishers hook up with bigger publishers for distribution. The unfortunate thing about that is that book salesmen, the men who go out to the chains like B. Dalton or Walden Books, use their own company's catalog first, then they show them the tag-alongs. Often what happens is that book buyers for the large chains have already bought their quota for their stores before the tag-along books ever get mentioned, so a writer with a tag-along company is in a bad spot with regards to distribution. On the positive side, the smaller houses are easier to work with because of the fact that large houses have so many writers that it's easy to get lost in the crowd. I personally would like to work with John Blair in Winston-Salem, because they are small and they have been very good to me. Being from the same region, they have a better understanding of me than someone from New York. I do have friends in New York, but most of them are southern transplants that I personally find easier to deal with. If I could deal with my friends at Harper and Row, I would be very happy, because being southern, they can at least lend a sympathetic ear to my romantic bewailings, but more than likely I would be dealing with New York people. I say this with all good humor, but southerners and Yankees don't see eve to eye all the time, so there are failures to communicate, as Cool-Hand Luke says. I would be glad to be of service to anybody who is seriously thinking about publishing, just to sit down and talk, and to give them the use of what I have learned through trial and error. It could save them, maybe, a few steps. I would say that if you are really into it, sit down and read one of these books that I mentioned earlier. If you are a poet, be real honest with yourself. Unless your professors have told you that you're just real

brilliant, you might as well face the fact that you are either going to go self-publishing or vanity press. Accept that, and start saving your money, because it will be worth it to you if you can get the book out and get it reviewed, because that's all that's going to happen with you as a poet. As far as selling books, if you sell a couple hundred

copies of a book of poetry, you've had a knockout run, especially if you're just a beginning poet. Writing is a wonderful thing, and publishing is a difficult business. The two are very different, and the best thing any writer can do is to examine and face up to the realities of the publishing business.



Bri

"Ouagadougou": A Second Class Story

by Bill Roebuck

"It's no sweat," my friend told me. "Take the second class and you'll probably be able to stretch out for most of the trip."

Considering that it was a twenty-hour train ride to Ouaga-dougou, that sounded pretty enticing. But I began to have subtle doubts about the wisdom of my friend's advice the moment he dropped me off at the train station.

I couldn't help noticing the seething mass of humanity spilling out of the station, and it didn't strike me as a first-class-ticket-buying crowd. But I stuck my courage to the screwing place and headed inside. Despite doubts, I bought a second-class ticket and settled down to be bored until the train arrived.

I recalled my friend's other piece of advice: "The key to avoiding pickpockets is anonymity." In spite of several gold stars and a "Daryl Funtroy" trophy for the most anonymous boy in high school, I felt, well, rather obvious. I was, after all, the only boy on the block without a prayer mat and a boubou (African robe).

But I smirked inwardly, remembering that my money was safe in my neck-purse (except, of course, the four thousand francs change from the ticket that I had absentmindedly crammed in my pocket, and which was promptly stolen).

The gates were finally opened to the platform, and the scene resembled a combination of Rawhide and Marlboro Country. I somehow managed to squeeze through the gate, exhaling a sigh of relief, only to be greeted by the sight of people sprinting down the walkway to get past the blobs of humanity pushing and shoving to get into the first few cars of the train. Now this is getting serious, I thought. Twenty hours standing up to Ouagadougou would be no fun.

I headed for one door but was discouraged by the sight of a dedicated policeman whacking people rather randomly with his blackjack. There was something about order or a line, but I didn't feel compelled to prolong the inquiry.

I finally selected an entrance that didn't look too murderous and got a place in "line." After being pushed and shoved out of the way several times, I gritted my teeth, debated whether to remove my glasses, got shoved by an old Muslim, whom I promptly shoved back, very politely, of course (I couldn't forget my Peace Corps image, after all), and finally managed to get in the door of the train—only to meet the dedicated policeman's brother, staring at me like I was French, or something.

"Bonejour," I said, in the worst possible American accent, which is African for "Hey man, I'm American; I hate those French bastards, too." I added, "Ca var?" which meant "Now don't hit me with that paralinguistic-other you're carrying, either."

I arrived in time to discover that all the seats were already

"taken." Big, strong, unemployed roughnecks (Don't I sound like an old lady? That's exactly what I felt like.) go to the train station early, get in line without tickets, and rush onto the train, saving blocks of seats for their friends and for anyone willing to pay for them. Obviously, they didn't appreciate anyone quietly arguing with them over the propriety of saving seats. I decided to get tough with these guys and started offering money. The first guy wanted four bucks. I offered one and then scurried away when he looked at me menacing. I finally got a seat, however, and was on my way.

The train was moving, although it seemed to stop in every village. After stopping and starting in this manner until I was getting irritated, the train stopped for good in Bouake, at least a good three-twentieths along the way. That was at three p.m. We were told there'd been an accident up ahead. "Well, there's another couple of hours delay." I thought. Six hours later, I couldn't believe we hadn't left. And one spy novel, three back Newsweeks, a rubbery chicken, some imaginary sleep and nearly twenty-four hours later, we left Bouake. Of course, after a reasonable length of time, I assumed every ten minutes that we'd be leaving in the next quarter of an hour. Do you know how long twenty-four hours is, from that perspective?

Well, that was bad enough, but on this trip, it seemed my courage wasn't the only thing stuck in the wrong place. At six p.m. the same day, the train stopped again for good. This time the terrain outside was too rough even for the prayermat crowd which had slept outside the night before. Now mind you, we aren't talking about porters and sleepers and ham and eggs in the dining car. We're talking about half the Muslim population of West Africa jammed onto this train. The aisles were full of the poor slobs who got on the train after the madhouse scene in Treichville.

Of course, by this time, I was suffering from acute overtaxation of everything. All systems were kaputt. "What a cross-cultural experience," I could hear my Old World Cultures teacher exclaiming. Oh, how I wished the dear woman could've been there to share it with me.

The rest of the trip went pretty much without difficulties. And during the conclusion of the journey I realized, ever so vaguely, that "cross-cultural experience," "social integration," "mission," and all the other words we'd heard in school and during recruitment and training just didn't seem to be telling it like it really was. All of it had sounded good on the blackboard and in the textbooks and offices, like so much policy and programming, but ultimately fell victim to the old Herbert Spencer syndrome: "The murder of a Beautiful Theory by a gang of Brutal Facts."

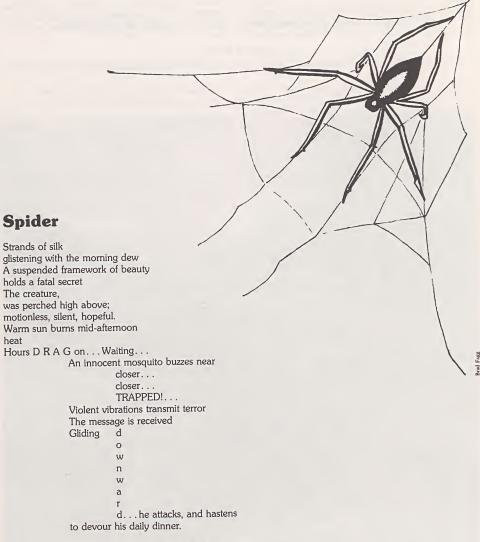
I finally arrived in Ouagadougou and discovered with

pleasure that "Ouagadougou," the word was, expressed, captured, the place and said something about it. Ouagadougou—city of mosques, of tree-lined avenues, blazing sun, and beautiful people. I repeated the word, caressed it

over and over: Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou, Ouagadougou. I shifted my backpack, glanced around, and then slowly walked into the street, in search of a cold beer and a cheap hotel.



and famous



by Jeff Ferraro

Song for the Invisible Men¹

Anger, angry mobs,
Angry mouths,
Foul with hostility
Or foul with elation,
Sensation,
Effectual, communicative relation,
Emotional in the strongest way.

It's one of many vague
Understandings
Which we have:
The scream or the smile,
The walk or the dance,
The trance,
A gazing, dazing, swaying trance,
The moments produced in a day.

We dream:
All clear and memorable,
constitutional to the core.
No rules, just possibles.
No walls, but plenty of doors.
Hated, like rodents,
Viewed with disgust,
Kept out of sight.
Can't have that tranquility,
Only perdition,
Tradition,
The squalid, crude, subhuman condition —
Rejection of a human mind.

Lacking modern kindness,
All out of smiles,
Except for scorning.
Full of violence,
Full of protest.
Far left.
All about the things they know they should get —
Compulsion to help humankind.

A sadness is prejudice,
Favored treatment,
Known neglect.
Grown from society,
Grown from the mass,
The glass,
The number-one best-selling class.
Segregating what is only one kind.

Striped words and inuendo, Hints and clues, Glances, insights. See them living From infinite sources, Forces, On intersecting courses. All pictures have something to say.

> We dream: All clear and memorable, constitutional to the core. No rules, just possibles. No walls, but plenty of doors.

> > by Mike Hastings

¹Title inspired by The Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison.



lancy Walke

THE LAST JUBILEE

bŷ Deryl Davis

The dry, white paint cracks and moves, vainly revealing the wet, darkened wood underneath. And through the dusty panes which the old wood borders, is the land—the iron-flattened land of endless nights and endangered days, where the only thing that moves is time.

"Aren't the trees beautiful? They turn ev'ry shade of Christmas this time of year. An' up on the hill there're apples, red and crisp. Can't see the apple trees from here; they're further up, under the shade." She speaks irreverently, a blacksmith forging ideas without allowing them to cool. They have to sting.

"Yes, Miss Julia, they're very pretty—the trees are—very

pretty."

"I think you oughta sit down an' quit worryin' or go out to the hill an' pick ya an apple. Will, this is yer home... at least me an' Jenny are... an' the house, too. These floors an' these walls... it holds a lot. An' you can find yer roots. You'll see."

"I think I'll have to go back...soon. No, I know I'll have to go back soon. I can't stay forever...just until things are

settled, and then I'll...

"...And then you'll realize what you've done. Do you really think ya can ever leave? You can't forget yer fam'ly, yer past; it's all in you. Bred in you. You can't just start somewhere else without takin' us with you...livin' or dead, we'll be with you...memorized in you... because we're what you came from. An' you can call me a crazy old fool of a woman, but that's what Roo called me, an' you can see where he is when ya go to get yer apples. He said he wasn't one, but he was, just by sayin' it."

The spooky hair fell in her eyes for the fourth time. He had been counting. The next time, he was going to cuss. "You don't know who I am. I'm not Bucky. I can't stay and act like I belong. I can't walk like him or talk like him or.. be ignorant like him. I haven't even been up to his room, and I'm not goin' up there." (The best thing I ever did was leave here, and I will again.)

Her hair falls again.

"You don't have to go up there. Our lives are spread all over this house...like spittin' tobacco through the cracks in the floorboards...it stains, an' you can't get it out. You look on that railin' by the stairs. Look on that banister. It's cut an' notched all the way upta the top. You put yer hands on it, an' you can feel the cuts with the palm of yer clean, white hand.

Sherman did that, right a'fore his march to the sear When those blueboys were comin' up from Vicksburg, takin' most ev'rything and burnin' the rest, they came up here right through those fields there. Daddy give his slaves each a gun, an' they got up in the attic an' tore out some white-boards an' started shootin'. Soon as those Yankees could yell: 'We came to save va'll,' Daddy's slaves had put a minnie-ball through their cheeks...said we wasn't gonna let them have the pleasure a' chewin' any more of our tobacca. But Daddy give out an' told the slaves to start runnin' cause Sherman was ridin' up, an' there was plenty of tin and matches in the house; and he didn't know for sure but that some o' those Yankees could light a match. Well, they busted down those oak doors, an' ole Sherman says, 'Move outta the way!' an' comes in the house still on his horse an' rides right up, all the way up those creakin', moanin' stairs a cuttin' and a slashin' at ev'rything, an' his horse just a grinnin' an' laughin'. But Daddy'd already gotten 'round back to a horse an' headed for that hill 'fore somebody saw him an' shot his horse clear out from under 'im. But they didn't take him on cause he didn't have any more fight left in 'im an' Sherman said he'd be needin' to go out an' harvest some of his corn anyway, seein' as how the Yanks had already toasted it for 'im. But they took everything. 'Cept the family an' the house...can't move them. That's why you can't leave."

No one spoke for a moment.

"Where's Sarah?"

"...An' we're gonna have a jubilee. Just like we used to when your granddaddy an' great-granddaddy became McCullochs...when it came their turn to run the land."

"Where's Sarah?"

"We'll invite all of Davidson an' have Jenny cook up some fricassee just the way it used to be . . . and dress up in our ball clothes. . . you can wear your striped brown uniform the army gave ya, if it's still brushed, an' . . ."

"Julia!...Julia...where's Sarah?"

"You call me Miss Julia, boy! An' now how do ya think I know where that girl is, if she it'n with Bucky?"

"Cause Bucky's gone."

"...Sh-shutup!"
"He's dead and gone."

"Shutup!...Shutup!...I said she'd be with Bucky, wherever he is!"

"Then she'll be up on the hill under the apple trees."

"If that's where Bucky is."

The sickly-hued night sky hangs upon the warm fields, reflecting the ruby, pale, and auburn hill in the dusty glass, and looks in as the two intimate strangers touch and look, but never listen.

"Sarah, have you been out... to see him?" (That's funny.

Would you care, now that he's gone?)

"Yes...this morning...and...this afternoon. But he's where he'd like to be. Under those apple trees, beside Grandpa Roo, and looking up...and laughing."

"At us. At me. Because now I'm here. Because I'm here in this land, where the people are, where they were made and did make, where the past was. Where the present never is because it has always been and always will be. And here I never was, because I'm all of them... Grandpa Roo, and Bucky, and even Miss Julia. And I know I can't leave. And that's why he's laughin'." (He's laughin' at you, too. Why he probably died just to get a kick out of leavin' you here stranded. Just to watch you try to charm someone else with your pretty little face that's older an' heavier,—an' what if it doesn't work?)

"We'll make it, Will. I can be with you just as I was with Bucky. I have to, now that I'm a McCulloch, even though Miss Julia won't accept it—when Bucky died, I died with him. But we'll make it because I can live here now, and nowhere else, and you can live anywhere but here. It'll

work. I can teach you."

"I'm scared...of you and of her. And of those men up there on that hill. (pause) What were you going to be?"

"Going? I was never going. I might have been. I might have been a nurse." She could remember Memphis—the city that was born on a paddle-wheeler and never got off. They even tore down Jefferson Davis's house and sent the mantelpiece to Vicksburg, the only place they were still fighting a long-dead war. Vicksburg never quit, Memphis never started, and Davidson never knew there had been a war. "I might have been a nurse up in Memphis. But I was never going...anywhere...but here."

"And now what are you?"

"I'm . . . I'm one of them, just as you are, now that you've come back. We're related."

"We're related because we're in the same room. You're related to that woman upstairs, not me. Ask that girl Jenny that she dotes upon."

"Ask her what?"

"Who we are. She'll tell you. Someone who pays her to wash the faces out of the windows or the boot marks off the floors. The ones that never come off because they've been there one hundred years. We're just like all the ones before us 'cause she can't tell the difference, if there is one."

"If we run things right, there shouldn't be." (Can there ever be?)

The sun is out. Through the sparkling glass, the hill can be seen clearly, its dusty, worn auburn hiding a crown of crisp apple trees on top. And beneath the trees, the roots grow under the dirt and then burst up again as if seeking the three men below the leaves, two lying, passively—the other sit-

ting and thinking and turning as he avoids the search of the roots. And, as if to trap him, the storm comes.

"It's stormy, Miss Julia."

"It'll soft'n up the yard. Maybe we could plant new trees. Big apple trees...just like the old ones that died. An' plant 'em up on the hill. An' then we'll have our jubilee.'

"Jubilee?" (You have only been kidding, haven't you?)

"We'll invite ev'rybody in Davidson. Ev'rybody of our standin'. Ev'rybody old enough to remember. Could have invited your daddy, Sarah, course, if he hat'n... Why do you look at me that way? Did you think I would forget? Ya hate it. I wrote it in my diary the very day it happin'd. The very day he shot yer brother." Spooky hair hangs in her eyes. She's a blacksmith again.

"I've...got to go." The other woman's forged ideas have melted tears. "I've got to--"

"--No."
"Please!"

"No!" She doesn't know what she is thinking, except it has a purpose. "No, you can't run away, you stay here...an'

help me plan Will's jubilee."

"Jubilee! Did you really think there would be a jubilee?" (You can say things about my daddy like that and then think you're sane?) "Will's right. We're just pictures in your mind... in their minds (those fools on the hill). We were never here. We're just pictures. An' when you want to see us, you just dust us off an' try to polish us back to new. But you can't 'cause maybe we're stained. And maybe I'm stained 'cause of Bucky. But you are, too. And from Bucky, and Roo, and as far back as you can remember. Maybe the beginning. But we're here. And you're right, we can't run away. You've trapped us. How long do you think we can stay?" The newly melted tears turn her face red.

"How long? Lord knows. As long as the water keeps pourin' down and splashin' on the ground and cuttin' channels across that yard out there an' dividin' an' separatin' us from ev'rybody else. How long? Lord knows. 'Til it stops."

"The rain never stops. You know that. And now Daddy's gone, and Bucky's gone—and only Will is here."

"But he's stayin'. Like the apple trees after the rain. He's planted." (I reckon you've gotta have somebody to fawn over you, don't you?)

"Where is he? Where's Will?"

"Went to see Bucky."

"You can't mean--"

"Yes."
"But the bridge's out." Her face is just red.

"The bridge."

"It's out. And in this rain, he'll never see it. In this rain-"
The foot steps off the rock, "He'll never-" the high water
streams around it "--see-" the undercurrent throws both
legs back from their grip upon the rocks "--it." The water
breaks around the splashing object, then covers it up, leaving no trace but a tiny, muddy bubble carried downstream.

"Ha! I should've known. I should've known. He was always a McCulloch. Just like Roo, he said he never was, but he was just by sayin' it. And now he's proved it. I should've known. Child, it's in the wind."

"But--" There is a confused silence to her face. She does not want to know.

"Ssh, dear, no need to cry. See how much you've calmed already? No need to cry at all. You couldn't've changed

things 'cause you couldn't've changed him. It was bound to happen. He was bound to go up there. To be planted. But you're here, and most of all, I'm still here. I'm here, and as long as one of us is here, we're all here."

"Yes, Miss Julia, you're here."

The Hair of an Unidentified Mountain Girl

It flowed — origins in back country — down.

Waves broke across the top of her back, foam churned, rolled down, skipped across eddies.

Light hit the foam, and made it glow. Gold —

by Tom Albritton

The Reflection Cast

I

There is a sailor on the water tonight, He sees the earthly reflection of a heavenly light, But is it the sun or a traveling star, Is it only the moon shining ghostly afar? "If I knew the answer," the sailor replies, "I would know my true love by the look in her eyes. But my vision is blinded by dreams of the past; I know not the source of the reflection cast."

II

The sailor will wander from sunset to rise And learn the price of the things that he buys. When will he notice the stars are all gone And all that is left is the break of the dawn? "If I knew the answer," the sailor replies, "I would know my true love by the look in her eyes. My dreams are all clouded by smoke and by death But I'll search for the answer with my last burning breath."

III.

There is a young girl walking still in a dream. She quietly waits for the sunlight to gleam. For she knows that her sun is a traveling star, Crystal and shining when seen from afar. "I know the answer," the young girl replies, "And I know my true love by the look in his eyes. My visions are sunlit by dreams of the past; I found the source of the reflection cast."

Epilogue

The maiden no longer waits for the dawn; She knows that the sun and her sailor are gone. But was he the sun or a traveling star, Was he only the moon shining ghostly afar? "If I knew the answer," the young girl replies, "I would know my true love by the look in his eyes. My visions are blackened by wrongs of the past; There is no source of the reflection cast."

by Lynn Booth





She was looking for a place with lots of windows. Every chance in the world for the light. To sit and watch for hours. Feel the warmth pouring in; see the tiniest flies of dust come out to play, to float from one side of light to another, to ride up the shaft of sun then curl under like a swimmer just before touching the glass. Always something to do in a place like that.

She wanted a place in the country. Doesn't everybody? A front porch place to hang her houseplants. In the ads section, she saw it. "A remote, peaceful, pastoral, white-board country farm house, with green shutters, a large shady front porch, and a grandiose view of King's Knob." She had circled it with bold red pen.

As she drove, she wondered how the neighbors would treat a newcomer. She framed the house, porch, and yard in her imagination. Sitting in the high-back rocker by the screen door, gazing out through the breeze at the lawn, across the road and field of the adjacent farm, up to the mountain. And she would lean back in her chair and smile.

The house was out on route 6. Ellen kept looking inside the bold red circle for the proper address. Box 832, Route 6, Womax, NC. Ten miles past Myers' Grocery. House on the left. Yellow mailbox. That's what it said, all right.

When she looked up from the unfolded newspaper, the car had begun to roar unusually, and the steering wheel had snapped through her fingers. Suddenly it stopped on the shoulder of the road.

Ellen decided to sit, just for a moment. Listening with her eyes closed: long quiet nights, house glowing moon blue, all else black as the shadow of the great rock. The sounds of animals, of leaves and air.

When she opened her eyes, the sound remained. Hissing. Ellen got out of the car to listen more closely. She saw the leaves waving, playing in the sun like flecks of house dust. She heard the hissing. She saw the car sink at one corner. Then she heard the hissing fade into silence.

No one had taught her how to fix a broken tire. So she grabbed her newspaper and began to walk up Route 6. The tire would have to wait.

ELLEN,

IN SEARCH OF HOME

by Tom Albritton

She walked up a section of road with trees on both sides. Through the trees, she smelled smoke from a fireplace. It reminded her of winter.

At a gap in the trees, Ellen walked up to a house made of naked boards and sheets of rusted tin. The dirt bare-root vard held the house like the embrace of an old woman. A half-naked child sat flush in the dirt, catching ground-bugs and throwing them into a spider's web by one corner of the porch. As Ellen climbed the steps to the front door, the child looked at her and began to laugh. The laughter sounded like a pulse of water driping into a bucket. It revealed a mouthful of volunteer teeth, and hid the child's eyes behind the fat swells of his face. Voices came from inside the house. Footsteps making the porch shake rhythmically.

"Do something for you, mam?"
"H! How are you? Yes, I hope so.
You're the man of the house?"

"I reckon." He was a very large man, wearing a T-shirt that missed the top of his trousers by about three inches. He spoke with uncertainty and suspicion, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Good. I'm out here to look at some — property," she liked the way it sounded, the way it tasted on her lips, and the way it made her feel like some sort of robber baron, "yes, property that I have considered buying. And, well, a little ways back down the road my car broke a tire. I ran off onto the shoulder near a ditch. Accidentally you understand. I don't think I was really paying attention. Anyway, I think my property is just around the next curve in the road. Up on the left. Yellow mail box. Do you know the place?"

"You got a flat tar?"

"Yes. Flat."

"Got a spare?"
"Spare?"

"Anudder tar in de trunk o' your car.
You know."

"I sure do. Now I remember a tire being back there."

The man shook his head and disappeared into the little house. He remerged with a set of keys. "Let's go take a look," he said. Ellen followed as if by instinct.

They took his truck down to where her accident had occurred. "Do you know the place I told you about?" she asked, breaking the silence between them.

"What place?"
"The property!"

"Oh, dat's right. Sure, I know it."

"What's it like?" she asked. "Porch? Windows? Front yard? View of the mountain?"

" 'S got them things. You really thinkin' 'bout buyin'?"

"I am."

"Where do you live now?"

"In town with my husband. It's a nice house, really — his family's place." It wasn't that she didn't like the house where she and Junie were living. But it was in a neighborhood. You could spit on the sidewalk from the front steps. The fireplace only worked when the gas was on. And the concrete block walling was sturdy, but impossible to insulate. Its pale green color would look very nice at a summer wedding. Ellen had seen some beautiful weddings done in mint green. But it's not the perfect color for a small cinder-block house.

"What does your ol' man say about movin' to the country?"

"Not much. He dosen't know yet. This is my own idea. It's okay, he and I have always done pretty much what we wanted whether the other liked it or

not." She chuckled, then returned to the issue. "Do you know how much the folks are asking for the house and lot?"

He did not move. He was thinking. Suddenly, he spoke, "Yea. Fifty. Fifty thousand. Said he'd take it five hundred dollars a shot 'til you had it paid for. For twenty-five bucks," his eyes brightened, "I'll tell him to hold it for you. He's got four or five offers now, but I'd get it for you, if you want it. For twenty-five."

They pulled off the road in front of the crippled automobile. The man got out of the truck, and walked over to look at the flat.

"You got keys to your trunk?" he asked. "Better hurry, it looks like we're gonna have a storm."

She handed him the keys to the car. Then she let her eyes wander across a red-clay field and above the line of the trees to the sky, just above the tips of the trees. He was right. She thought of the pictures her father had shown her of the Dust Bowl. He and the missus drove all the way from western Missouri. The trip took over two weeks and left a small farm buried under drifts of dirt. Black dirt clouds stalked across the long fields, just like this one now. She thought of how red the sky would be if the clay

could fly.

The man worked on the tire, first with the tips of his fingers, then with a heavy tire-iron, and finally with the grunts of his own voice. Ellen saw the car resting on a thin metal stilt. Sweat rolling down from the man's bald pink scalp. Sweat rolling down in webs carrying dirt into the ridges under his chin and across the top of his exposed belly.

"What's your name?" Ellen asked.

"Hubert Earl Grimes."

"Hubert Earl, that's a nice name."

"Yes'm," he said, and spat a bullet of phlegm into the dry clay beside his leg.

He was finishing the tire. Eased the weight back down onto the fresh spare, and began to toss tools into the truck. A circle of mud stuck to the seat of his pants, like the one his child had worn. Ellen grabbed her purse from the front seat.

"Here," she said, "tell those folks up the road that I want that house." And she handed Hubert Earl Grimes a fifty dollar bill.

Ellen got into her car, and sat quietly as the truck drove away. Just in time. Clear circles of water were beginning to slap the dry face of the windshield. Faster and faster, as if to bury her alive. Ellen sat smiling in the rain.

Too Many Girls I Know (To Many Girls I Know)

A pair of sunsensors Adom the face of The average middle-class Beauty queen. As all eyes follow her Across the floor, I think how She is probably Very like Those glasses.

by James Norris

Identity

I pondered my reflection
as I think it pondered me
My movements it echoed,
monotony...
Do I appear to others
as my mirror-image appears to me?
My mirror does not answer me
neither does my reflection.

by Adela Smith Friedenberg



ancy Walker

My Farm

I live on a beautiful farm — An Island of cement. Twiggy in overalls, I am rolling in Whitman's green Shaded by trees of steel.

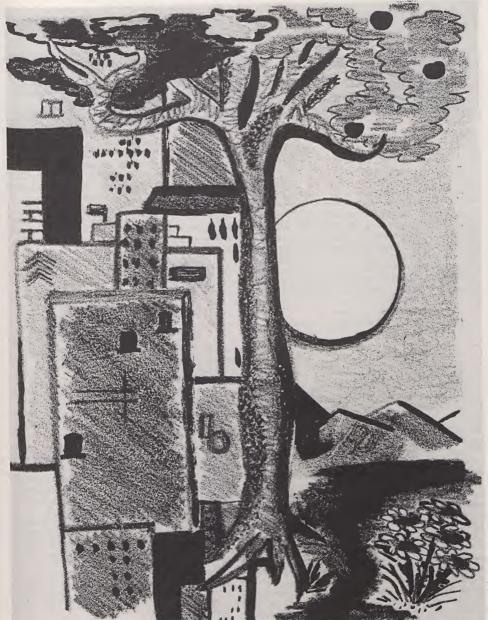
I love Woody Allen — A Fraternity man, Clark Gable in loafers. I am laughing at early movies, Crying with tears of pain.

And always, I care; For the cold lady Who clutches the torch, Lighting my beautiful farm.

by Laura Lu Hedrick



enhen Tinni



iura Lu Hedrick



A COAST OF TREES By A. R. Ammons 52 pp. New York: Norton \$12.95

A. R. Ammons is a minister of cosmological unity. In his most recent collection of poetry, A Coast of Trees, Ammons acclaims man, nature, and universe, elaborating on the particular relationships within this system. Ammons's conclusions portray man as small and vulnerable, yet he insists on the necessity of the microcosm in the overall scheme.

The title poem (the first of the collection) lays the foundation for Ammons' vision in brief and general terms:

The reality is, though susceptible to versions, without denomination . . .

. . . we turn to the cleared particular, not more nor less than itself, and we realize that whatever it is it is in the Way and the Way in it, as in us, emptied full.

The poet's emphasis is on one's being "not more nor less than" himself or herself. A sense of human modesty rides consistently through the book, and it is one of Ammons primary messages. He prepares the reader for this message by diagramming first the universe as an endless and convoluting whole. "Swells," "Continuing," and "In Memoriam Mae Noblitt" are poems that move the reader from the "universal assimilation" of the purely metaphorical and impersonal wave, through the humanly organic layers of earth and decay, to the personal and immediate issue of death and the consolation that "we arrive and go: / this is just a place."

Ammons then proceeds to describe this place in detail. In "Getting Through," he shows the elements of nature at work among themselves. The brook, as the subject of the poem, encounters such adversaries as a mud bank, a rock ledge, the roots of trees, and the debris from high water floods. The consolation lies in the fact that, unlike man, the brook exists outside of the restrictions and ambitions of mortality. It will eventually "get through or around: or over."

Still working within the realm of natural relationships, Ammons shows us a little more of ourselves in "WeatherBound." The main character is not a brook, not a tree, but an animal — a moth. The moths here are unnaturally stubborn: "They want to go where / the wind is coming from." Consequently, they must "fly backward forward." The wind, in natural process, has the final say and "takes fluttering / and destination out of them."

Man himself becomes subject to nature in "Rapids" and "Distraction." "Rapids" establishes a unity of autumn and spring, then projects this unity upon the cosmos as a comparison with the human microcosm:

I can / look up at the sky at night and tell how things are likely to go for the next hundred million years: the universe will probably not find a way to vanish nor I in all that time reappear.

"Distraction" establishes man's carelessness with the elements. Errors of vision in youth are realized too late. Vulnerabilities to age, time, and mortality deny man the infinite patience of the brook:

now my anklebones hurt when I stand up. . . sometimes / a whole green sunset will wash dark as if it could go right by without me.

In the final poems of the collection, the elements become purely abstract. The "something out of nothing" of the poem "Antithesis," the "Reason" in the poem "Fourth Dimension," "Radiance" and "love" in "Wiring": all of these are examples of the "answering other . . . way, way beyond the star/points resolving into galaxies."

We have returned to the universal abstraction from which we began. The poetry in this collection displays the perfect whole of A. R. Ammons' cosmos and man's role within this system, like these lines from "Easter Morning":

the having patterns and routes, breaking from them to explore other patterns or better ways to routes, and then the return. . . .

by Tom Albritton

THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE By John Irving 480 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton. \$15.50

Writers weren't getting their royalty checks, and the second printing of John Irving's new novel, The Hotel New Hampshire, is on thinner, cheaper paper; the rumor among New York publishing circles is that E. P. Dutton Publishing Company has blown the whole wad promoting Irving's book.

John Irving himself has helped out with the hype. After his last novel, The World According to Garp, gained national attention, Irving appeared on the "Johnny Carson Show," the "Today" show, "Dick Cavett," and so on, dropping tidbits of forthcoming plot, letting slip enticing allusions to new, more fantastic characters. Hype. Hype. Hype.

And why not? Irving's first three novels were all quite good, but because Random House, his former publisher, did not hype them, they were hardly read. Then Dutton and Viking pushed Garp with posters, commercials, billboards and bumper-stickers; Garp became a best-seller, Irving became a millionaire, Esquire ran a three-page spread on his wife's photography, food was at last abundant on the Irving's dinner table, the kids could at last go to college without borrowing from College Foundation, and there's nothing wrong with any of that, for Christ's sake.

What the hype is saying is this: if you liked Garp, then you'll really like The Hotel New Hampshire. It's bigger. It's better. Why, it's (Garp)3.

Whereas in Garp, a girl is raped, in Hotel New Hampshire two girls are raped - and one is even gang-banged.

Whereas in Garp, Garp employs fuck in amusing combinations, in The Hotel New Hampshire (which I will call Hot and New for short) we read in the space of ten lines:

"You asshole...you dumb prick...cunthead...wretched fart...you little turd.

On and on with such language.

Whereas in Garp, a football player becomes a girl, in Hot and New, a girl becomes a bear.

Whereas in Garp, well, I could go on. And on. Just like the book goes on. And on. But why should I be boring, just like the book is boring?

"It's bigger. It's better. It's (Garp)3." This is the message contained in the hype. It seemed to me as I read Hot and New that this was the formula Irving kept in mind as he composed his new book. Hype is the substance of Hot and New; hype is what motivates the events in the novel. Hype is what gives birth to the characters. Hype. Hype. Hype. The result is patronizing and dull.

Dutton would do better to pay their writers on time and to give us books that won't disintegrate after a few years. John Irving would do better to stop calculating the public taste and to write the fine sort of books he has shown himself capable of producing.

Note: A spokesman for E. P. Dutton Publishing Company

said that royalty checks are late getting to some of their writers because of a computer problem and that cheaper paper is being used because, hell, they ran out of the better stock.

bu R. Scott Skrzunski

THIRTIETH YEAR TO HEAVEN 143 pp. Winston-Salem: Jackpine Press. \$12.95

The editor's note to Thirtieth Year to Heaven, explains that here Jackpine Press is "Uniting in one volume five new poets and five major poets" under the common experience of youth. The book contains one poem each by A. R. Ammons, John Hollander, Josephine Jacobson, Josephine Miles, and Robert Penn Warren. The poems are followed by comments about the poem's place in the poet's career, and his or her return to this place throughout the career for one reason or another. I believe that the hope is to show greatness in reflection and greatness in development - the type of sensation that Hemingway accomplishes in A Moveable Feast. Well, we are all young at least once, but we are certainly not all good writers. Consequently, the unity that this book tries to achieve fails miserably. Comparing Robert Penn Warren and A. R. Ammons to Doug Abrams, Kate Jennings or Robert Schultz is like pouring ice water into a hot skillet.

Doug Abrams is a Wake Forest University graduate. He now practices law in Raleigh, N. C. I wish I could tell him how exhausted people become reading one image after another. Abrams has a good sense of rhythm, but he overloads his lines with objects. The eye and the mind have too many stops to make. Also, Abrams' rural description has a strained and idealist nature that could have come from a travel brochure. He is not convincing as a southerner.

Abrams is at his best in the poem, "Chopping Block." The central stanza reads:

> I learned about the direction of trees one winter where lightning

wrecked a yellow-maple and I wedged kindling for a week of sleeting and thaw as the sun lightened the poplars; now it's winter, when I throw the dull blade, as it is spring when

we collect pine needles for mulch; our deeds as much as the reduction of trees, indicating what month we're in;....

These lines could be the core of a poetic future, but such a future demands much more consistency than Abrams shows in this collection.

Kate Jennings either bores the readers with cute pieces about the food in her kitchen or loses him in disorganized and unbelievable narrative. The "food" poems attack a common subject, but fail to create an uncommon experience; the narratives — like the book as a whole — are collections of

repelling fragments.

Robert Schultz, like Jennings, seems to have two general types of poetry. He is either completely imagistic or completely narrative. The risk that he takes in the former type of poem is that one or a few of his images might fail. Unfortunately, in a short poem which relies on imagery, if one image fails, the entire poem fails. Rarely is Schultz so lucky as to have only one such failure. And, in the absence of images, the narrative poems are ambiguous and hard to follow.

The works of Barbara Friend and Maria Ingram sound an encouraging note for this book and for young writers. Both of these women are very good poets. Friend has an interesting knack for poetic structure and rhythm. Her narratives are interesting and well told, and her characters are uniquely human. The ambitiousness of her poetry and the talent that it reveals succeed in fulfilling the intention of this book.

Maria Ingram is the best young poet in the collection. Her poems reveal a life, a personality, not merely a rustic stereotype. Ingram has sound craftsmanship, an ear for voice that gives music to her work, and an eye for the human situation which make her poems convincing and poignant. The world revealed through such poems as "An Elm in Carolina," and "One Story Beneath the Pin Oak," is a world to which Maria Ingram will constantly return for the earnestness and honesty of inspiration; and it is a world from which she will always carry away the loves and conflicts that become poetry.

The Thirtieth Year to Heaven implies more in the Dylan Thomas poem than it achieves with the juxtaposition of new young writers with established poets. With two exceptions, the section composed of the works of developing poets is little more than a collection of bad fragments, hoping to achieve greatness by association with the great. If there are more Barbara Friends and Maria Ingrams to be found — and I am sure that there are — a project of linking poets through a common theme of this sort may be executed effectively.

by Tom Albritton

THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW By Richard Kelly 195 pp. Winston-Salem: John F. Blair \$7.95

Richard Kelly's *The Andy Griffith Show* is a study that concentrates on the craftsmanship of a successful television series rather than on the personalities of the stars. His text follows the pace of the *Griffith Show* as the book casually unfolds the explanation of how television can, when it makes a conscious effort, create art.

Kelly notes that despite the hectic scheduling involved in the production of a series that appeared for approximately 32 consecutive weeks each year for eight years, *The Andy Griffith Show* maintained a high level of artistry. Admitting from the beginning of his work that there were poor shows and repetition of themes, Kelly argues that the *The Andy Grif-fith Show*, unlike many current series, improved, the longer it remained televised. He believes that the history of its production is astounding in that it marks the union of artistic and financial achievements.

Part I of the book examines this accomplishment by interviewing the key actors, writers, producers, and directors of the show. Andy Griffith, star of the series in his role as Sheriff Andy Taylor, agrees with Sheldon Leonard, executive producer of the show, that the central character of the program was the town Mayberry. Mayberry, a fictional North Carolina town, is a timeless place of traditions that somehow is universal in its representation of small-town America and particular in its Southern flavor.

Kelly writes:

[The Andy Griffith Show] ranked among the top ten shows in the nation during its eight prime-time seasons . . . In fact, it was the number one program in the national ratings in the last year when Andy Griffith left the show . . . It is astonishing to think that a series with no sex and no violence has captured the hearts and imaginations of viewers during the past twenty years.

That such a record of success exists is owing to Andy Criffith and his insistence on very detailed sessions of script analysis,

which the writers and actors attended.

In the second part of his book, Kelly examines the artistic elements of the series that made the show a popular "classic." The Andy Griffith Show was the first of a set of shows, including The Mary Tyler Moore Show and M*A*S*H, that stressed character rather than situation. Of course, Kelly intelligently acknowledges the elements of situational comedy in the Griffith Show. He believes, however, that much of its appeal derives from well-developed and believable characters.

The last two sections of Kelly's study include a script from one of the shows of the series and a brief synopsis of the 249 episodes. The script, "The Sermon for Today," exemplifies the nostalgic tone and village-life pace that characterize Mayberry. Kelly speaks of comedy as a conserving force, and he notes how Mayberry manages to resist change.

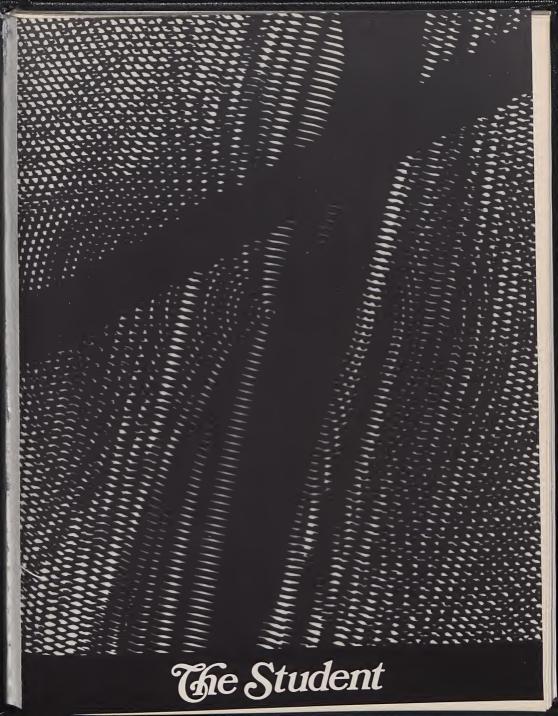
Kelly's book thus offers its readers an informal but thorough guide to *The Andy Griffith Show*. Kelly reminds us that television has the potential to be an artistic medium in our culture. That artistry, however, requires commitment and innovation.

by Mitch Cox











The Student

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COVER

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INSIDE FRONT COVER

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INSIDE BACK COVER

Stephen Tippie

BACK COVER

Poem by David Smith

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Strummed-Out

by John Reece Matson

Composer Annette LeSiege

"I can't imagine doing anything else."

by Stephen Tippie

A musical composition is not a physical object bought and sold like a painting or sculpture. And notes on a sheet of paper are only symbols for sounds that once heard are lost until they are heard again, unless the auditor has the memory to carry them around in his head. In the current bottom-line economy most music seems to count for little, modern American music even less. It cannot be hung on a wall or placed in a bank vault to gain in value, so it is devalued — and who can understand the stuff anyway? The composer finds that he must fight for scarce grants and commissions, or hold a regular job as a teacher or cab driver, or become famous enough to be wooed by universities as a "Master." The number of independent composers, like small publishers and truck farmers, is dwindling from neglect and high cost of independent existence.

Despite the recent neglect of the American composer, Annette LeSiege, music faculty member at Wake Forest University, is giving up her academic job to devote all of her time to composing. "Teaching is a full-time job," she says, "and composing is also a full-time job. I'd rather be a composer than a teacher."

LeSiege was born and raised near Oakland, California. She "just wandered into college" at San José State, earning bachelor's and master's degrees in music. She also just wandered into composing. After an unfulfilling beginning as a music and business major, she dropped business to concentrate on music. She had a special interest in the medieval period and intended to be a musicologist; instead she was turned toward composing when she was forced to take a class in composition because all other elective classes were filled. The direction of her education and the pattern of her life were changed. Now she composes because, as she firmly puts it,

"I can't imagine doing anything else."

After finishing at San José State, LeSiege studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, where she earned a Ph.D. in composition. She was hired by Wake Forest University straight from graduate school and has remained there for the last seven years; it was her first and has been her only teaching job. Much of that time she served as an aggressive department chairman who upgraded the department and fought for a separate music building. During her tenure the music department at Wake Forest changed from a largely ignored appendage of the religion department to a respected entity in its own right. (A new, multimillion-dollar music wing of the Scales Fine Arts Center on the Wake Forest campus opens later this year.)

LeSiege is a recipient of the Honigman Award for Composition in North Carolina, a past McDowell colony fellow, and has been composer-in-residence at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She is editor of Now Music for the Southeastern Composers' League, is on the Advisory Council of the College Music Society, and on the board of directors of the Reynolda House/Wake Forest Chamber Music Series.

For the past seven years LeSiege has written mostly small pieces: chamber ensembles: percussion and wind ensembles; works for woodwinds, brass instruments, keyboards, voice and chorus; as well as a complete theatrical piece, and incidental music for stage plays. The work that won her the Honigman Award, Suite for Saxophone and Piano, was commissioned by saxophonist Miller Sigmon for the 1979 World Saxophone Congress in Chicago. Like much of her work, it is taut and frenetic, precise but natural, and full of the nervous energy that seems to bind the composer to her surroundings. To talk to her is to be drawn into her sphere of energy like a stray electron caught in the orbit of a more powerful nucleus. Her eyes

constantly dart around the room as if searching for something to grapple with, pausing occasionally to draw a bead on mine when she makes a point. She is reluctant to talk about her music, believing rightly that it gives its own meaning better than her words (or mine) are able to do.

LeSiege claims allegiance to no specific style or school of composition and applies no adjectival "isms" to her work. Her music is in the main-stream tradition - that is, she follows the traditional compositional process and draws from any area she pleases: primitive, medieval, classical, and the contemporary processes ranging from aleatoric, or chance, music to the currently popular minimalism. "Isms' don't define a style," she says, "but a process." In her view composers of the past ten years have shattered into a number of small groups, some experimental and some more traditional. each defined by a narrow process of composition; there is no Zeitgeist, no characteristic of the agé, no common denominator.

The emerging music of the current decade (including LeSiege's) draws its energy from the experimental fringe, but calls on the traditional compositional process to give it form. It is a very disciplined act: a combination of avantgarde ideas and atavistic method. As a result, the modern composer consumes styles, but does not imitate them. Despite the discipline required of the music she writes, LeSiege feels that she is still too undisciplined to write purely minimalist compositions. "I love minimalism," she says, "but I don't have the restraint to compose it. Maybe . . . "She leaves the sentence unfinished.

Soon we begin to talk of the pitfalls of being an American composer in a materialistic society. I read LeSiege part of a recent article in the *New York Times* in which a composer writes that American music directors are ignoring American composers in favor of Europeans, a trend he calls a "cultural death wish." She agrees with him - in part - but refuses to withdraw into a carapace of pessimism. She is quick to defend some segments of the music establishment and sees a glimmer of hope in regional support of American music, singling out North Carolina for particular praise. There is evidence of this support in Winston-Salem: the Winston-Salem Symphony commissioned a work last year, and its conductor, Peter Perret, includes American works in the symphony program; the Reynolda House/ Wake Forest Chamber Music series requires performers to present at least one American work; the North Carolina School of the Arts, in addition to presenting the work of its faculty, hosts a series of contemporary music recitals by its Contemporary Performance Ensemble, which recently featured works by New York composer Ezra Laderman, Chapel Hill composer Roger Hannay, and Annette LeSiege; and Wake Forest University recently commissioned four works for the dedication of its new Fine

Arts Center music wing.

The author of the Times article also writes, "By the time an American composer reaches the age of thrity-five he is desperate and angry." This comment draws a wry smile from LeSiege, who concedes that it hits close to home. "Well," she says mordantly, "I'll be thirty-five this spring, and I've quit my job and don't really know where I'm going." She feels anger at the circumstances, certainly, but even more strongly, she feels bewilderment. "You can't make people care about something," she says sadly. But tersely adds later, "When you don't cherish something - your culture, for instance - it disappears."

What will Annette LeSiege be working on in the future? "More large pieces of course, now that I'll have the time," she says. "And more music for dancers. I'm working on a dance piece now." She would also like to do more music for the theater, having written more than an hour and a half of music for Wake Forest's Easter Passion Play and in-

cidental music for Look Homeward, Angel and The Good Woman of Szechuan, both also performed at Wake Forest.

LeSiege is naturally a bit apprehensive about her future, but is not daunted by the problems that face her as an independent artist. The market for contemporary music is usually limited to universities, libraries, and individual musicians. The financial rewards are not attractive - a fifteen-hundred dollar commission for a major work is large and commissions and grants are competed for heavily. LeSiege adds, "And composers have to deal with about fifteen middlemen: publishers, who have to pay for paper, transcription, and printing; marketing people to sell the work; performers; a place to perform has to be hired: the unions; and so on." LeSiege's own publisher, Raoul Ronson of SeeSaw Music in Manhattan, is one of the few small music publishers left, and one of the few dedicated to making contemporary music available.

The disparate ideas of the past few decades are finally being brought together in contemporary music - in all of the arts, for that matter. These ideas are a spur to progress with the hopeful idea that the progress of ideas is interdependent with the progress of society. The attempt by artists to draw on all elements of their culture is an act founded in optimism: it says that our culture will survive the buffets of the past decade and anything thrown at it in the future. And it will as long as artists have the tenacity and the confidence in themselves and their public to chance it on their own. As composer Annette LeSiege says, "I can't imagine doing anything else."



Stephen Tippie is a free-lance writer and photographer living in Winston-Salem, N.C.

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Aria (solo)

She let her hair down tonight And listened to old Beatles tunes Singing her part of old duets Then pulls the shades down some more.

It's supposed to rain tomorrow And make her wear the old coat The damn drain will leak again So the window will be closed tight.

She didn't get mail today
But there was something sometime last week
Or perhaps the phone is out of order
When the TV finally goes, it will have to be fixed.

She might get her hair cut next week
Or buy a new smile to change her mind
It would be too easy to hum "Yesterday" or "Nowhere Man"
So she just brushes her hair again.

by David Smith

A Window Sentence

In the evening on the white ledge of my window where light, having passed through the green tree, having passed through the blue glass, is red,

I put a drop of yellow paint.

by Skrzynski

Whims in Mauve

God, when I think of would-be heather in those vague-seen fields of dreams the wind carries their scent over blond cliffs; And the water below sprays salt in blue. Daring all but the sheep to wade in waves amongst frost-bitten bracken.

by Claire Lune

Colored Water

The sign beside the fountain said:
Colored Water.
"Grandpa," I said, "I want to see the colored water."
My Grandfather said, "That's the water for niggers."
And I thought:
Lucky niggers.

by Skrzynski

Neighbors

The dirty old dog makes quite a Noise: dragging his chain across his Food dish and barking at shadows Only he can see. It is Difficult to tell which of the Junked cars in the driveway he Is chained to. The lawn needs Mowing, but, like the dog, It is accustomed to neglect. The neighbors Have learned to ignore the screams Which issue regularly from the Dilapidated old house-trailer; It is the way they communicate. No one knows what the place Looks like On the inside, Though they have lived here Longer than I. The old man died a few years back, And no one knew what to feel. The girls didn't even come around To collect for flowers.

by James Norris

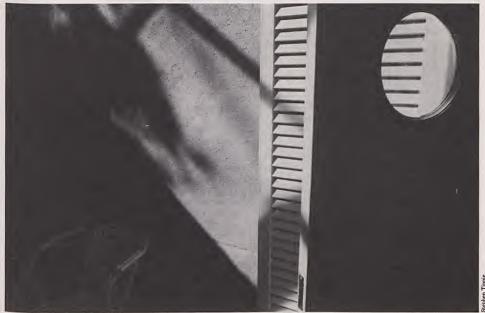
Matters

Picking his cigarettes off the floor Shorty said the loner got snuffed And all of us decided it better not to Concentrate on sad matters - such matters -It doesn't matter.

Going to write this all down one day (I swear) In my all-American street-wise novel Cause I've been to hell and back Talked jive, been in jail, cold turkey

Getting back to the poem But it's so hard to concentrate On sad matters - such matters -It doesn't matter.

by B. Fichter



To Max

Max, my sad-eyed friend,
I've found another one
Just like the rest
Or maybe a little different
A variation upon a pretty piano piece
More melodic, which is what really counts.

She's from a small town, Max
Knows nothing of Piano Bars and Scotch
Or glass elevators and traffic jams
(Traffic jams aren't culture but they follow it everywhere it seems)
We sat in bed in the Ritz when we woke up
And watched cartoons during the continental breakfast
Bugs was funny as usual
At least she likes Bogie
And doesn't spill her chow mein on the sheets at night

I'm thinking of taking her to the beach, Max
To look upon the ocean all my writer friends get so worked up over
Maybe the waves will make her believe she's a fair damsel
Being the knight that I am I could whisk her away
And hope Arthur doesn't notice she's gone

What do you think, old boy
Just like the old days?
Dancing till dawn at Gatsby's
While our white suits remained unstained?
Woody says love fades: I hope he's wrong this time.
It's getting old, Max.
Well, I've got to be off.
We're going to make love in the bath tub.
I told her I'd bring the soy sauce this time.

by Michel Pontari

SAD CAFE

by Jim Booth

I didn't say anything for a couple of minutes. She searched my face.

"Do you like it?"

"I am extremely flattered."

"I've been working on it for several months."

I remembered giving her the picture. It was a Thursday. It rained later that day. The picture was one I had in a folder. It had been on the back of my first novel. The novel didn't sell. The picture was fuzzy. I was standing under a lamp post outside the Cafe d'Antoine. There was a little mist. I had on this leather trench coat and my Bogart fedora. I was smoking a plain end cigarette. Candace hates smoking. After Steve Manners, my photographer friend, took the picture, I went into the cafe. Many people from the office went there.

"Listen. I'd like to buy this drawing from you."

om you.

"I would really rather give it to you."
"That wouldn't go over well. Besides,
an artist's work is always precious and
some price has to be paid sometime.
You paid one to create it, I'm sure."

She looked at me with a tilt of her head and walked towards her studio. We work for a publishing house. I translate work from French to English. She does illustrations for children's books. I remember when I first got to know her. I made some slighting comment about one of her sketches for an edition of *The Frog Prince*. She looked at me with eyes that breathed pain. The next thing I saw on her easel was wonderful. Everything else she did was. If she ever did anything less, she saved it for her private work at home, because I never saw it.

I stopped by her studio on my way out later that afternoon.

"I'm going to Antoine's. Want to come along?"

"Let me finish this. I can't get the smile right. What do you think?"

I looked at the picture. It was Janine, one of the girls in the art department. Everything about her was perfect. Except the smile.

"She's lovely. Why did you decide to do her?"

"She's a particular friend of mine. We have lunch together often. She has fine features. Very French."

She worked on the smile for a couple of more minutes. Then she shrugged her shoulders, cleaned her hands, took off her smock, and we went to Antoine's. She had some quiche and a couple of glasses of wine. I had some quiche and a couple of carafes. I drink too much. We talked about the picture. I asked to buy it again. She wanted to give it to me. I refused. We talked about trivia. The drunker I got, the more insistent I became about the picture. Finally she put me into a cab.

"Take him to 65 Avenue Maurice Ravel"

She sat me in the back of the cab. It smelled like onions and cheap wine. She kissed my cheek.

"Go home and go to bed."

"Right." I looked at her. "Let's go ride around the city. I'll show you all the cafes. I know them all."

"Not tonight, dear."

"Hey, listen," I was very drunk. "I want to tell you something."

She knew what I might say. "Not now, okay? You go home and get to sleep."

"Right." I got the driver to take me to another cafe. I had another carafe and talked to two old Frenchmen who claimed they knew Hemingway. I told them I lived in the same apartment. Actually I lived across the river from where Hemingway lived. They didn't know Hemingway. Everything was fine.

After I finished the carafe, I walked back to my apartment. It had been raining. I stood on the corner under the streetlamp and filled my pipe. I stood in the mist smoking. A gendarme passed by.

"C'est une nuit abominable."

"Pas de tout. Je la trouve très jolie."

"Pourquoi?"

"C'est mieux pour moi parce que je pense très bien dans la pluie."

"Hmm.

The gendarme passed on. I finished

my pipe, tapped out the ashes on the lamp post, and went in. I lay on the bed a long time looking at the wall and trying to visualize the picture. Finally it came to me. I fell asleep. I woke about five, got up, and went to the bathroom. I got a glass of water. I sat on the end of the bed and looked out into a sidestreet. I smoked a cigarette and drank my glass of water slowly. I composed a poem.

Let the sleeping smile
Of love awake
And whisper in your ear
That I am close
As your own heartbeat.
Be at ease; I will
Ask nothing.
Love, real love,
Never does.

It was a terrible poem. Finally I wrote it down on one of my pads. By then it was about six o'clock. I got a cold bath, put on some tweedy clothes, and went out. I'd put the poem in my pocket.

It was October. It was a gray day, and the leaves and trash were blowing in the street because it was so squally. I went back inside, took out my trenchcoat and fedora, thought better of it, got a dirty wool scarf instead, and went down to a restaurant and had café au lait and a croissant. I went to the office. I got there about seven-thirty. I took some aspirin for the drinking. I went to the Art Department. I looked through the window in the door at the picture. It was on an easel at the side. I turned the knob and found the door locked. I went back and sat at my desk and worked on translating a pot-boiler spy novel until about nine. Everyone else started pouring in, so I went down to stand on the street in front of the office and smoke a cigarette.

About ten I was sitting at my desk when Janine came by.

"Monsieur, Mademoiselle Candace would like to see you." She smiled, selfconscious about her English. Candace was right. She was lovely.

"Merci."

I went down to the studio. Candace was standing at the picture of Janine. The smile was perfect.

"Well, you got it right." She nodded without looking.

"So I did. Take your picture home

with you tonight."

"How much?"

"It's yours. It's a gift. I want you to have it.

"You have hazel eyes. How about one hundred dollars American?"

"Free. I want to give it to you."

"Why?"

"I want you to have it."

"Okay, I'll take it home. If - you'll have dinner with me."

"Surely."

We went to an expensive restaurant. Candace insisted on helping to pay the bill. In the cab on the way to Antoine's, she gave me some news.

"I had a talk with John Dray today. He said the paperback division is going to publish your novel. They think it will go big in the youth market.'

"Wonderful. I'll express my gratitude for their consideration of my wishes

tomorrow.'

"Don't be foolish, Charlie. It's a wonderful opportunity for you. You could become a name and get out of this rut.

"I wouldn't call living in Paris and working in publishing a rut."

"It is and you know it. You have a talent, Charlie, and it's not for translation. It's much finer."

"Yeah. I can drink with the best." "Not that. You're a writer."

"We're at the Café d'Antoine."

We got out of the cab. I overpaid the driver, went into the café, and picked us out a little table in the back.

"Why always in the back?"

"Wild Bill Hickock almost always sat with his back to the wall. That way no one could sneak up behind him.'

"Didn't he get shot in the back?" "You should always take your own

advice."

"Not always. That's a generalization. Generalizations are dangerous."

"Nothing can please many and please long but just descriptions of general nature.' Doctor Johnson."

"Toutes les generalizations sont fausses, v compris celle-ci.' Voltaire."

'Touché. How about some champagne?"

"Occasion?"

"I'm an almost discovered author." "I'll pay half."

"No. I'm the noveau riche. Garçon!"

I ordered a bottle of champagne. We drank a couple of glasses and chatted. She laughed at my jokes. I was almost ready to read her my poem when John Dray came up with some other guy.

"Here are two people from our house here in Paris. The young lady is Candace Halifax and this is Charlie Beagle. Lady and gentleman, Mr. Anthony Dale.

It was a scene worthy of photography. Everyone knew Dale. Or claimed to. He was the most exciting new poet in twenty years. Not only was he critically acclaimed, he'd actually gotten a book onto the bestseller list.

"It's a pleasure." He was very suave. We talked for twenty minutes or so. He subtly dominated the conversation. Candace was enchanted. Dray was his usual fawning self. Dale was very selfassured. He was good and he knew it. I suppose that justified him.

"Listen. I love to dance. Why don't we go to a club?" He posed the question to Candace.

"I'd- I don't know. Would you like to

go dancing, Charlie?" "No. I think I'll go down and walk the quays awhile. I'd like to look at some books."

'Mind if I go with you, Beagle? I've been looking for a couple of things and vou could help me."

"No, Dray. There are some books that can only be looked for alone." I called the waiter over, paid my check, and got up to leave.

"Charlie, I'll come with you."

"No. Didn't you hear what I told Drav?"

She touched my hand. I patted hers and walked away through the crowded tables. I spotted an empty table against the far wall and made for it. I sat down and ordered a glass of wine.

They didn't notice me for a few minutes, but then Dray got up to excuse himself and noticed me on the way back to their table.

"I'm going over to sit with Charlie.

"Don't pay any attention to him; he's only doing it to get attention." Dale leaned towards her. "Let's go to the Avenue de l'Opéra. There are clubs there that have great music."

I watched them for a few minutes, then I got up and left. I walked down to the end of the block. I turned left down a street that would take me to the river. When I got down on the quay, I walked along until I got to a set of steps that led down to the water. I walked to the edge of the river. I lit a cigarette. I stood there smoking for a few minutes watching one of the bateaux mouches go by. About the time I flipped the cigarette into the river. I heard some people coming. It was two drunk Frenchmen. I walked back up the quay to the street. I stood there at the top of the steps, undecided about whether to walk on the quay or to head home. I decided on home. I started across the walkway on the bridge. My place was on the other side of the river. When I got about halfway across, I looked down into the water.

There was a full moon. The wind was blowing some, and there were big clouds moving across the sky, blocking the moon's reflection from time to time. The bridge was very low over the river, and I could see the moon distinctly enough to make out large details. Then it would be suddenly dark, as a cloud passed in front. After one cloud, which seemed to last almost a minute, the moon burst forth in cold, sweaty light that illuminated another figure standing beside me on the bridge.

It was Candace. I'd been so lost in staring at the moon I hadn't heard her approach. I turned slowly to her.

"Good evening."

"Hi.

"Why aren't you dancing?"

"I decided to come find you."

"Why?"

"You have nice features. You're intelligent. Finally, you're a nice person." "This is true. But that doesn't make

me anyone special."

"It doesn't take anyone special."

"For what?"

She looked up at me. In the moonlight I could see her features clearly.

The moon went behind a cloud suddenly, and we were in the dark again.

The Student published an interview with Jim Booth in the Fall 1981 issue.

Eyes

when I look Into your agate eyes I see the coming spring the fresh greenness of leaves the grasses

reviving from their pancake brownness

I see the yellow mopheads of dandelions and bees as big as your thumb buzzing inside your eyes feeding from their sweet tears. I feel the warmth radiating as the sun shines straight through when you look at me my skin crawls with excitement as if clung to by a monarch caterpillar. I see the calm, cloudless, and beguiling sky speckled black with birds and insects. Your pupils are black gold sparkling intermittently because of the emanating rays. Your eyes provide the foresight of spring like a witch's crystal ball.





Weight Chapel or Wait, Chapel

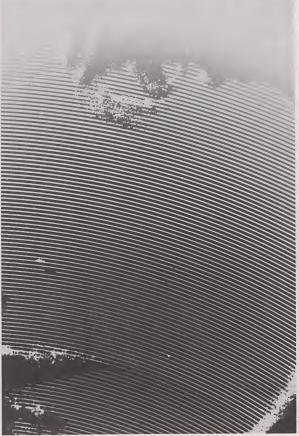
Truth and the songs of fancy; white pigeons dying You have found your wish in the endless pool of hell Where

The dark beam of madness

Slithers through the whispering writhing boughs The holy prophesying shadows, shells of men Slip slyly, staggering stones of wrath and unfaith

Slip-slipping Slowly sliding Splash Soundly dying

by Heather MacLean



Jasmine

The dew surrenders to the heat and the sweltering day smothers breath until the pines whisper softly, wisping strands of straw across your face and twining honeysuckle vines into the recesses of your mind.

Dry brush crushes under your soles down the path to Black Creek where yellow flies suck of your sap and smells of summer ever linger so vines remember in winter a sultry, southern, summer day.

By noon vision pulsates with heat that burns the jasmine, stills the tall pines, cracks in the air like tobacco that cured for too long in that old barn where negroes would sweat all day so Mistah James could smoke with iced tea.

Bare-backed you slink into the creek and swim with the water moccasins through the infinite silky black shedding your skin before you emerge to crawl upon the oozing bank where Spanish moss absorbs your dreams.

Afternoon brings folks to the porch, sitting in gliders with lemonade; better wave as you pass on by, hurry home before the gray man comes,* before kudzu swallows your house, before time stops and shadows advance.

Days slur into vague memories of South Carolina summertimes, jasmine, and honeysuckle vines, where fireflies twinkle inside the night, and frogs sing outside your window while you lie in your head in the dark.

by Marilynn Hamrick

^{*}The gray man is a legendary ghost from the tales of coastal South Carolina who mysteriously appeared to warn natives of oncoming hurricanes.

Wolfsbane and Garlic

The Sun falls as
God permits
Satan to lick the glowing sky black
black through various pastels

shades of gray

then leaden ashen sooty brown to pitch Shutters flap at every house like eyelids

Outside the night storms Two-bit hookers charge fifty dollars because of inflation Burglars break into homes guarded by the finest alarms almost as good as wolfsbane and garlic Muggers' knives wait for you at 1 a.m. to get \$6.57 and a free burger coupon from the nearest burger joint Salesmen line the streets promising to show "The most incredible thing you've ever seen" a nightwalker with the flexibility of a rubberband or an "elephant man" with an open coat whom you can't help but feel sorry for all of them flooding the streets with blood

Behind these blinded walls we sit, siblings and parents, listening to my sister Faith singing the month-old Christmas carols

Outside the light climbs
the eastern ladder
Light as big as yellow purees
in a child's marble bag
silhouettes the leafless treetops
God is sucking everything away
The light leaks across the sky
like methane birds and wind
The insects are humming

And so I wait

by Jeffrey W. Gjerde



Halloween

by R. P. Faude

When the "Echo in Your Head" is Missing — an interview with an Irishman —

It seems impossible to narrate the career of Thomas Kinsella without, as he says himself, a fair amount of "sideward movements." In the years between his birth in Dublin in 1928 and his visit to Wake Forest in 1981 as one of the finest contemporary Irish poets, Kinsella has discovered and pursued a marvelous variety of interests. As a science student turned civil servant, he began publishing poetry with Liam Miller's Dolmen Press in Dublin in the early 1950's and, with Miller's encouragement, undertook the translation of some ancient Irish stories into English. After reaching a high office in the Irish Ministry of Finance and publishing several volumes of poetry, Kinsella moved to the United States in 1965 to accept a teaching position at Southern Illinois University; shortly thereafter, he completed his translation of the major Irish epic, Táin Bó Cuailnge. Kinsella later became affiliated with Temple University in Philadelphia, and, as founder of a "Temple in Dublin" program of overseas study for American students, he now divides his time between teaching in the U.S. and managing, with his wife Eleanor, the Peppercanister Press in Dublin. Wake Forest University Press has recently added two of his books -Poems 1956-1973 and Peppercanister Poems 1972-1978 to its Irish poetry series. Even more recently, the University of Pennsylvania Press has issued An Duanaire - an Irish Anthology: Poems of the Dispossessed, 1600-1900. Coedited by Kinsella and Sean O'Tuama, this collection of poems from a period of severe suppression of the Irish language by the English contains both original Irish poems and Kinsella's English translations of them.

During his first visit to the Wake Forest campus, in November 1981, Kinsella thus was received both as an outstanding poet in his own right and as a respected translator of earlier Irish literature; the weekend visit included not only a Ring Theatre reading of his own poems and a few of the An Duanaire translations, but also an informal classroom discussion of the problems encountered in translating. Kinsella's schedule for the weekend sent him as well to his first American football game (Homecoming: Duke 31, Wake Forest 10); to breakfast at the Pit ("not bad, as pits go," he reported); and to lunch at Simo's, where, amidst the clanking of dishes and ketchup bottles, he talked with representatives of student publications about the development of his dual role as poet and translator.

by Elisabeth Stephens

and Catherine Frier

Student: I wanted to ask you first a little bit about the translations you've done. We know about the Poems of the Dispossessed and the Táin. Anything else?

Kinsella: Well, that's it. That's a lot of stuff, the Táin in particular. That was the earliest major undertaking, though it wasn't the first, so to speak, because there were little trial spins I did — the Breastplate of St. Patrick.

Student: Were these early works that you translated stories that you would have been familiar with, growing up in Ireland?

Kinsella: Oh, yes, in various versions. The *Táin*, for instance, is a very famous story and everybody knows it. But you usually get it in the later versions, the twelfth century Book of Leinster version, which is all very interesting and great narrative stuff, but it doesn't have the caliber of the Book of Lecan version, which is two centuries earlier. It doesn't have the kind of adjectival excess of the later ones, but it really gets on. I think it's psychologically more interesting: it makes less fuss over the superficial things and really gets the story underway.

It also has a great grasp on reality, as well as being psychologically satisfactory. We were talking last night [during Kinsella's reading of his poetry] about the place names. When you are studying the *Táin* or just reading it, you are in touch with the landscape of seventh century Ireland, and you can actually follow the trail of the story on the ground.

Student: How much is the landscape of Ireland involved in your own poems?

Kinsella: Oh, I think a good deal — selected parts of it. Where I grew up, where I now live . . .

Student: Phoenix Park?

Kinsella: . . . Phoenix Park, County Wexford (where Eleanor comes from), selected parts of the west of Ireland.

Student: In the poem "Magnanimity," you wrote, "I am sure that there are no places for poets, / Only changing habitations for verse to outlast." How do you reconcile that with the fact that a poet surely needs to have a "place"?

Kinsella: It meant something different in the poem. We were talking there about [Austin] Clarke's very magnanimous idea that Coole Park should be taken over and refurbished in some way as a place for poets. So what I'm saying there is that there aren't places for poets in that sense — that you just do it where you find yourself. But of course I would find that place is a most important thing — a sense of place.

Student: Place and past?

Kinsella: Absolutely. Yes, they interlock. It's very difficult to talk about poetry in Ireland without finally winding up talking about history and geography. The whole thing interlocks. For instance, when you're dealing with early Yeats: there is a sense of place, all right. But the more he learns about style (that sounds a little odd, to put it that way, but I know he has a perfectly deliberate program of cleansing his linguistic style), the closer to order he brings that, the more his sense of place becomes powerful and realistic.

Student: Some of the material that you've translated clearly reappears in your own poetry, as in "Finestère," which you read last night.

Kinsella: Yes.

Student: Do you think translating has in any way influenced your own poetic style?

Kinsella: Maybe. Maybe working on the *Tāin* did clean it up a little. In retrospect, it seems to me that maybe it is more direct and gets about its business without too much fuss. There was a lot of fuss in the earlier poems that I'm startled by when I look at them now.

Student: In translating the An Duanaire poems, how closely did you follow the structure of the original works? Did you try, for instance, to maintain

the seven-syllable line?

Kinsella:

I did at an early stage in the experiment, but that's the sort of thing that had to go very fast. We decided, O'Tuama and I, when we were doing the *Poems of the Dispossessed*, that accuracy of transmission of the actual content was the primary thing and then settled for what we could get. In fact, we could get a great deal, but not at the level of syllabic counting or internal assonance or even rhyme.

Student: One review I read said that you were actually avoiding rhyme. Were you?

Kinsella: Well, that's not really true. On the other hand, when you find that you cannot rhyme in the mode of the original, you decide that you will *not* rhyme in the mode of the original and make the thing sort of consistent.

Student: Was the work of translating for the Poems of the Dispossessed as difficult as trying to write poems of your own?

Kinsella: Not quite.

Student: Was the search for the right word always

Kinsella: Well, yes, that sort of linguistic struggle is always there, but the psychic element, of course, isn't. And in writing my own poems there is a stage that doesn't occur in the translation, a sort of gestation and a very sloppy extrication of significant data from everything around it and note-taking and assembly of the first stages. It is a very messy procedure and it's very difficult and some days it doesn't work. But it's essential before the real second stage begins.

Student: What is the first stage of creating a poem of your own?

Kinsella: Memory. Involuntary memory, the things occurring in their associations, in ways that are sometimes very peculiar. Things that nag at the basement of the mind for a while and insist on being dealt with. In the process of dealing with them, other things connect so that you're finally faced with a sort of organic mess that has to be organized. It's certainly laborious, slow and spasmodic. It goes through different stages. For instance, I would do something and get to a certain stage with it and then bury it for an indetermi-

nate period of time and then come back to it again when I feel able.

Student: So when you write do you plan out at all what you're going to say, or does it just occur on the page?

Kinsella: Yes, I do plan it, but that's no guarantee that I'm going to do it that way. On the other hand, it tends to go that way. The more I write, the more I seem to be writing in sequences, so that a coherence outside the realm of an individual poem would establish itself. Strangely, it's easier, it's more liberating if you're dealing with larger units, a more loosely organized unit.

Student: Do you have a favorite poem among your works?

Kinsella: Not really. Some of the very early poems I have, for — unpoetic reasons. But not really. Certain poems I am delighted to have written, but not in the sense of a favorite poem.

Student: One of the things I like best of yours comes at the end of the first section of "Nightwalker" — the part about the fox and the weasel.

Kinsella: Oh, yes.

Student: Did you make that up . . .

Kinsella: I did.

Student: . . . or is it a legend?

Well, it's a legend, but it uses then-current Kinsella: historical figures, de Valera prime among them. It is a parable of the civil war in Ireland and the old characters who were still surviving at the time when I was a junior civil servant. And they were still in positions of power and authority and influence. It was an astonishing thing, these historical figures - it was like having George Washington in charge of the Treasury, when you really had your historical people moving around the streets. And when I was working in the government buildings, I had an office just inside the main door, and it wasn't extraordinary to see de Valera moving rapidly up the steps, headed for his office. It was - quite extraordinary.

Student: I read that you started out wanting to be a naturalist and then went into government. How did all that happen?

Kinsella: A series of accidents and sort of sideward movements. I left school and was interested in science and went into University College, Dublin, with a science scholarship, headed for a physics degree. And then I got mixed up with the students' magazine and found that that was more interesting. Meanwhile, I got the entrance examination to the civil service office, so I opted for that, which meant that I had income and spare time and found myself stage by stage growing more to be interested in writing.

Student: So did you write poetry in your spare time?

Kinsella: Yes.

Student: When did you start writing poetry?

Kinsella: I was a very late starter. I had no interest in poetry — as I say, I was totally interested in science. I wanted to be a physicist and nothing else until I was over twenty. I then changed gear — my father was a great socialist — and I became interested in economics, I think partly as a result of that, but also by the accident of getting into the department of finance in Ireland. So I found myself getting very interested in social matters, and science fell by the wayside.

Student: Then economics fell by the wayside?

Kinsella: It did, yes.

Student:

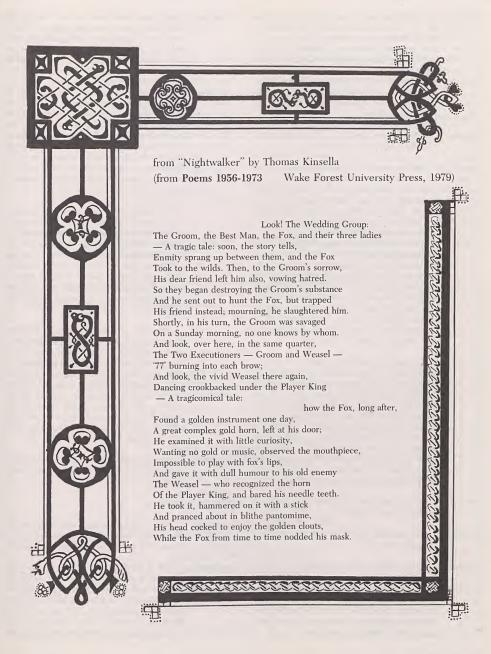
Student: Even before you mentioned last night that you were talking in your native language "and it is the wrong one," I'd almost gotten confused myself about what your native language is.

Kinsella: Well, English, which one speaks in Dublin.

Student: Have you ever tried writing in Irish?

Kinsella: No. Well, yes - very early, in school. I was enthusiastic about the so-called Irish Revival. A bunch of enthusiasts - there are still plenty of them - and associations and societies and businesses which are now aimed in that direction of trying to reestablish the Irish language as the spoken language of the people. I believed in it at the time, and a very good friend of mine in school, who is now in charge of all these affairs, we spoke Irish together. I was a reasonably good Irish speaker. In fact, I did all my examinations, coming out of high school, in the Irish language, including oral examinations. So this friend of mine started a magazine when we were in school, and I wrote for it in Irish.

Does it feel to you the way a second language feels to me?



Kinsella:

My Irish will never be quite what I want it to be. It would require a total act of dedication. I know what would be needed; I know where I'd have to live, the sort of things I'd have to do. But, as I say, my native language is English, and if I abandoned that, I'd be abandoning too much. I grew up with English-speaking relatives, neighbors, friends. All the important things that ever happened to me happened first in English. You can't get rid of that.

Student:

How did you develop in your involvement with the Irish culture and history?

Kinsella:

Why, I suppose a residual element of that interest that I'm talking about, it never quite went away. And Irish is taught so unsatisfactorily in schools, and people misunderstand it so much. I think I was lucky enough in some of the people that I met in school and still know.

I'm not getting the answer right yet.

It was really the *Tâin*, translating the *Tâin* and getting hooked on that, that did it. Understanding the old literature properly at first. Yes, coming to it, the best version of it. For instance, the versions of the Ulster tales that we all know invariably come from the later version, the one that Lady Gregory retells. And it was suddenly finding the earlier version that electrified me. It was absolutely first-rate literature, something that had been concealed from me.

The other business of rediscovery is a very interesting one. In school we all had to learn poems off by heart, in Irish as well as in English. Naturally, we hated all that stuff. But once you come back to it with an understanding, the kind of thing that comes with a developed sense of history and place and connection... The luck of knowing certain people, of meeting certain people — for instance, Sean O'Tuama, my coeditor in this book. His grasp of the language and his style and handling, his sort of humane grasp of the entire literature, was a revelation.

Student:

Do you feel that Irish poets have a specific responsibility to Ireland?

Kinsella:

Not particularly. If they feel the relevance, OK; otherwise, not.

Student:

So do you feel as if you have one?

Kinsella:

No. I feel that I'm lucky to have had the fixations that I have so far, but I wouldn't necessarily guarantee that they'll survive the anthologies that I'm working on. Once I've finished with that, I might get on to something else.

Student:

Both your introduction to the *Poems of the Dispossessed* and your commentary on "Butcher's Dozen" suggest that in modern English literature we've lost many of the traditional functions of the poet. Do you have any idea how we've come to such a limited idea of the role of poetry?

Kinsella:

Yes, I have. In teaching creative writing, socalled, or courses like "Readings in Poetry," you run into all the received ideas that children are given in high school. Poetry is pretty. It has lovely sound effects. It's usually noble; it has to do with a certain kind of subject matter, a certain kind of tone; it's pitched in a certain way. The notion that it can be ugly as well as pretty is something that some students find very hard to take.

Now, Irish poetry never lost that thing, it never went the Romantic route. It remained a practical device for handling significant experience. And all the functions of poetry that you would be used to in, say, mediaeval times, still survive in Irish. Occasional poems, wedding poems, joke poems, poems of useful information, political poems — people turn to them, certainly have done so in the past, without the slightest sense of discomfort.

I think the idea that we have of Romantic poetry has kind of obscured the foreground—yet it is a difficult thing to handle. When you're dealing with a really pretty poet like Shelley, it's very easy to misunderstand and miss his excellence. His grasp on reality is, in the good poems, total—no less than the grasp on reality that one finds in, say, mediaeval Gaelic verse. Except that it all sounds so lovely that we tend to fall saleep and listen to the lovely sounds that he is making, though his intellect is at full tilt....

Student:

I get the impression, reading your comment on "Butcher's Dozen", that it was written for a purpose.

Kinsella:

Oh, yes.

Student:

One speaker in that poem says, "England, the way to your respect / Is via murderous force, it seems." Do you believe that's all that's left?

Kinsella:

Well, I don't see any success by any other route. I hesitate to suggest indiscriminate violence — but it's very hard not to feel sympathetic toward it. The thing that is not understood about the Irish situation is that there's a war on. There has been for a thousand years and it hasn't been won or lost, so it actually is still in progress.

Student: Your wife said that a lot of people thought you were mad to come to America. Why did you come?

Kinsella: Oh - it was one of the big changes. I was given the gift of my time. The American university system is very generous, and while I was quite happy to be a reasonably senior civil servant and not terribly overworked, the conditions in the university here are such that there's no comparison. There are certain sacrifices involved. I didn't realize at the time how it would be possible to set up a continuum and have both countries involved. I didn't foresee that, or it would have made the decision much easier. But it wasn't a difficult one, really. A lot of people did think I was out of my mind, giving up the security of the civil service, but security is a relative term.

Student: The poems in An Duanaire are, in a sense, poems of exiles. Do you identify with them, feeling yourself an exile in America?

Kinsella:

No. I'm at home most of the time here. I did for a little while feel that I'd left — but there are so many other forms of exile in being Irish. I'm exiled from the Irish language. There's no way I can cross that barrier. I'm exiled from part of the country by a political division. So there are all these divisions — moving to America is nothing

Student: Are your translations one way of crossing the divisions?

much.

Kinsella:

I think so, yes. Repossessing the linguistic loss. It's not often that a people loses its language and loses it more or less completely. Literature and custom and a kind of psychic background disappear, and that's a thing that you tend not to understand when you have it. You have a kind of echo in your head when you have all these things, and it's missing when you haven't. It takes a little bit of getting used to, even to getting used to the idea that you haven't got it.

"His Father's Hands" by Thomas Kinsella

I drank firmly and set the glass down between us firmly. You were saving.

My Father. Was saying.

His finger prodded and prodded, marring his point. Emphasemphasemphasis.

I have watched his father's hands before him

cupped, and tightening the black Plug between knife and thumb, carving off little curlicues to rub them in the dark of his palms, or cutting into new leather at his bench, levering a groove open with his thumb, insignating wet sprigs for the hammer. He kept the sprigs in mouthfuls and brought them out in silvery units between his lips.

I took a pinch out of their hole and knocked them one by one into the wood, bright points among hundreds gone black, other children's — cousins and others, grown up.

Or his bow hand scarcely moving, scraping in the dark corner near the fire, his plump fingers shifting on the strings.

To his deaf, inclined head he hugged the fiddle's body, whispering with the tune

with breaking heart whene'er I hear in privacy, across a blocked void,

the wind that shakes the barley. The wind. . . round her grave. . .

on my breast in blood she died. . . But blood for blood without remorse I've ta'en. . .

Beyond that

Your family, Thomas, met with and helped many of the Croppies in hiding from the Yeos or on their way home after the defeat in south Wexford. They sheltered the Laceys who were later hanged on the Bridge in Ballinglen between Tinahely and Anacorra.

From hearsay, as far as I can tell the Men Folk were either Stone Cutters or masons or probably both.

In the 18

and late 1700s even the farmers had some other trade to made a living.

They lived in Farnese among a Colony of North of Ireland or Scotch settlers left there in some of the dispersals or migrations which occurred in this Area of Wicklow and Wexford and Carlow. And some years before that time the Family came from somewhere around Tullow.

Beyond that.

Littered uplands. Dense grass. Rocks everywhere, wet underneath, retaining memory of the long cold.

First, a prow of land chosen, and webbed with tracks; then boulders chosen and sloped together, stabilized in menace. I do not like this place. I do not think the people who lived here were ever happy. It feels evil. Terrible things happened. I feel afraid here when I am on my own.

Dispersals or migrations. Through what evolutions or accidents toward that peace and patience by the fireside, the blocked gentleness. . .

That serene pause, with the slashing knife, in kindly mockery, as I busy myself with my little nails at the rude block, his bench.

The blood advancing - gorging vessel after vessel and altering in them one by one.

Behold, that gentleness already modulated twice, in others: to earnestness and iteration; to an offhandedness, repressing various impulses.

Extraordinary. . . The big block - I found it years afterward in a corner of the yard in sunlight after rain and stood it up, wet and black: it turned under my hands, an axis of light flashing down its length, and the wood's soft flesh broke open, countless little nails squirming and dropping out of it.

(from Peppercanister Poems 1972-1978, Wake Forest University Press, 1979)

Sailfish (for David)

I Trophy

Freckles perched on pinwheels, indigo and azure, whir around its still, black eye. Hollow ocean kaleidoscope, Focused in a sweaty taxidermist's shop, near Igual, spins behind dorsal and fades black.

II Baiting

Descend ladders of screws, on La Águila, into placid collision of sea and horizon.

A lobster torso glistens — Esteban, under stinging tabasco sun, chums, stirs blood cumulus, and slings mullets, like seed — coats wrapped around a shimmering body, metallic, cold.

III Strike

Incense of diesel and burnt nylon, curls round a large spool — a metronome ticks patiently — brakes, and dissolves into blur; Esteban, a pensive altar boy, dips seawater, spills steamy waterfall — smoke jumps from a doused coal — and the hub spins, sizzling.

IV Fisherman

Buckled into a high seat, center ring, the fisherman cracks his whip and snaps fish through somersaults, jumps and twists an underwater dance, dithyrambic pulse dies, fish limps to boat, fins, flaccid, a weary dancer.

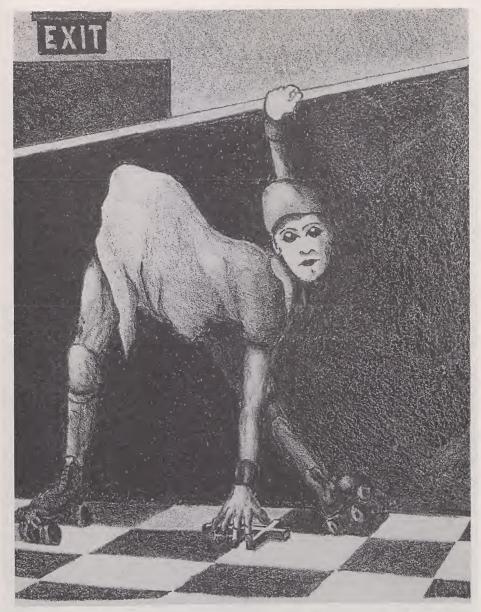
Esteban

Form undulates beneath a plate of water. Esteban, gloved, leans into ocean groping for sword so fast, invisible. He flops pendulous belly half onboard, half over, as dorsal strains reveal vertebra, fingered easily as beads on an abacus.

VI Fish

Pulled from ocean scabbard, sword pricks itself into frenzy fins flap open, like indigo tents, and two black gumballs roll and stare, walleyed, at crimson gills, gaping like wounds, gasping air.





Skater

by R. P. Faude

First Grade

by Marilynn Hamrick

She ran in from school wearing her blue dress with the little yellow butterflies on it. It was her favorite dress because it was so full of butterflies that it looked like they were actually fluttering around. She plopped down on the bottom stairstep, and began to take off her black patent leather shoes, since she was not supposed to play in them. She wouldn't play in them anyway because they squished both of her little toes, and she couldn't run as fast when she wore them. They didn't make a very good smell either; they still smelled like the shoe box or the tiny, little man that

pushed on her toes the day they bought them. She liked her PF Flyers the best. When she put them on, nobody could catch her, and when she took them off, they had the neatest smell, sort of like salty orange juice.

She noticed the butterflies in her lap again — lots of tiny butterflies, right there in her lap. There were even some under her arms, and she was probably sitting on some of them. She remembered watching them at school and thinking how nice it would be if you could have butterflies indoors, too. Mrs. West had ruined the whole scene by

asking her what time it was when the big hand is on the 12 and the little hand is on the 3. She thought about how unfortunate it was that Mrs. West had not known she was thinking about something important. Everybody already knew it was three o'clock, because you could see the school buses bouncing around outside. Besides, the hands aren't big and little; they are fat and skinny. She had decided to wait until tomorrow to explain since the bell was ringing and she was starving. Randall Botes was gasping and grunting for air, trying to squeeze his fat, little body past



Cindy Day

her desk, so he could be first in line. Nobody liked Randall Botes, except Mrs. West, and she liked everybody, even Mitzi Medling. Nobody liked Mitzi Medling either. She was a priss-pot.

In the kitchen, she got the Oreos out of the cabinet, after pulling up a chair and climbing from it to the counter. It was worth it because the Oreos tasted good. She loved to look in the mirror after eating Oreos and pretend that all the black crumbs between her teeth were really signs of rotting. She took the bag in the den, where her older brother and sister were watching television, and sat down on the floor in front of Gilligan's Island. Through a mouth full of ice cream, her sister yelled irritably from the sofa, "Move out of my way!" Her sister velled at her a lot, especially when she caught her eavesdropping. But she knew her sister liked her. Sometimes her sister would teach her how to do cheers, or how to put on eye shadow. She thought her sister was beautiful.

Her brother was eating a Snicker's bar, and she knew he had hidden the rest of them in his room. He always hoarded the best candy for himself, and he would tease her with it if she asked for any. He was the same way about Christmas morning. It always seemed like he got the most presents because he opened his so slowly. She and her sister would have already inhaled their sur-



prises, while he, stealing the stage, would say, "I wonder what THIS one is!" But he was fun to play with most of the time.

They were watching the episode where the Professor makes a bucket of special glue to fix the ship, and Gilligan steps in the bucket. She was picking at a scab on the inside of her forearm, just below the elbow. It was hard to get to, but it was reaching the itch stage. She

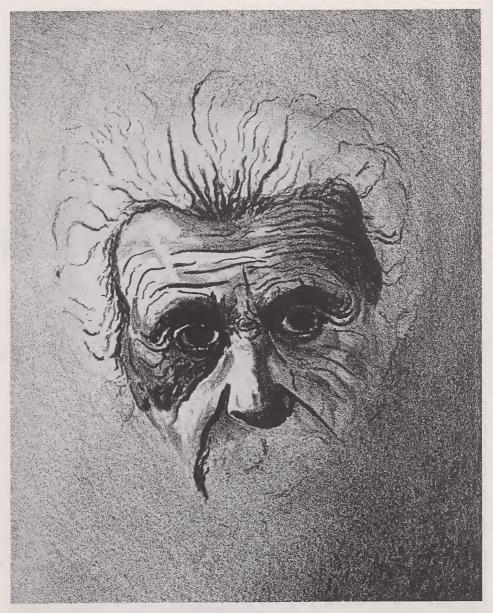
flaked off little pieces onto the rug. She had wanted to get the whole thing off in one piece so she could show it to her mother, but there was one little speck in the middle that was still stuck to her. It hurt to pick at it. After that last fatal tug, she waited observantly while a small bead of red blood oozed out.

Quick! She had to get to Ann Boling's house so that they could become blood sisters. Surely, Ann had a scab somewhere. She could rip hers off, and they could perform that sacred ritual. But Ann might not want to pull hers off. That was the only thing she did not like about Ann Boling. And she ate dirt too. She always lied when someone asked her if she'd been eating dirt, but you could tell by the corners of her mouth when she had.

She flew down the street in her PF Flyers, trying not to jolt the drop of blood off of her arm. Ann Boling lived in a house made of big rocks. She wished her house was made of rocks too. Nobody answered her knock on the door. Foot. She tasted the drop of blood.

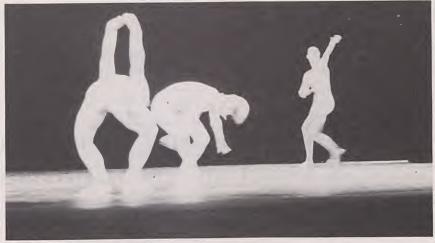
That night she dreamed of the apple trees in the Wizard of Oz for the seventh time.





Vision of Einstein

by R. P. Faude



She crouches on the floor

Slowly filling with the force of the music

One arm curves

Vibrant with suppressed energy the hand and the fingers stretched tautly

Menacing

She rises lingeringly head bent becoming

It swirls gently

Like smoke drifting its eddies squeamishly floating in one direction before being yanked in another by some freak current

It leaps

Twists is formed by whatever quirk entered a composer's mind at an undetermined time

It reluctantly becomes she

Drained of everything and anything

She sleeps sprawled on the cement

by Heather MacLean

Expression Corporelle

"An Experience Deeper than Knowledge..."

The Logic and Emotion of a Venetian Art Historian

by Theodora Drozdowski

Student: This past summer, when I visited the Frick Museum in New York, I had forgotten that the Bellini "St. Francis in Ecstacy" was there. I walked around a corner and there it was on a wall. The colors are almost magical. Yet I hadn't imagined that the rock colors would be so cool, almost bluish.

Pignatti: Well, it's lovely to turn corners and discover paintings like that, which is one of the most wonderful in the world. It's a painting in which a sense of balanced landscape and figure seem so classical. You really feel like reading a poem by Horace. The rocks aren't really blue. It's a mixture of a sort of ochregray background and the golden light, which makes the ochre reflect a sort of bluish reflection from the sky. It's one of those complex colors made in the Venetian way, with many glazes one over the other. Bellini really makes you feel as though you were speaking Latin.

The voice that speaks those words would be familiar to almost anyone who has had the fortune to be part of Wake

Forest's overseas study program at Casa Artom in Venice, Italy. Dr. Terisio Pignatti, part of Wake Forest's art department since 1971, is responsible for the course in Venetian Art which is taught as an integral part of the Casa Artom curriculum every semester. This task he accomplishes with aplomb, equally at home in Casa Artom's projection room and the scuole and calli of Venice.

In addition to his teaching responsibilities, Pignatti is an active and prolific scholar. Born in Quistello, Mantua, he received his law degree from the University of Pavia in 1942 and his art degree from the University of Padua in 1945. He began his career in the Musei Civici of Venice, ending his work there as Director of Museums. He serves on the faculties of the Universities of Venice and Padua. His scholarly work has delved into every aspect of Venetian art, including studies of Tiepolo, Longhi, Titian, Giorgione, and Canaletto. One of his most recent works was a three-volume catalogue raisonné on the the works of Paolo Veronese, published in the late 1970's.

Pignatti spent the fall semester of 1981 teaching at Harvard University. In November, he visited the Wake Forest campus, where he presented a public lecture entitled "Mannerism from Titian to El Greco." Later, The Student had the opportunity to talk with him. His casual conversation is quite as erudite, reflective, and amusing as his teaching. The total impression is of a man with tremendous energy and enthusiasm for his work.

Student: Many people who know your work as an art historian may not be aware that you took your original training in law. Why did you make that switch from law to art?

Pignatti: Well, I think that it was the same as it always is in these cases, you know. I didn't have any particular reason for studying law. I just studied it because it was more general. I had maintained since my youth a great interest mostly in literary and artistic events. So I was surely a disinterested lawyer, and better and probably more active in the literary field. I used to write little things, you know, everything that young people do, from poems to novels, and so on, which luckily were never published. They were destroyed.

Student: You don't have any of them?

No. not at all, nothing. Luckily I resisted that Pignatti: temptation. Then the war came and there was a long interruption of some five years, a troubled period. There were too many problems from Dalmatia and Yugoslavia, you know all that. After that I went with the partisans against the Nazis, and then I had one year in the Liberation Corps, the Italian Liberation Corps. So after five years I had practically entirely forgotten — I had entirely cleaned up my mind about law. So nothing remained of that, luckily, and I had to start over again. I got a position in the museums of Venice and I was forced to get into the humanities courses at the University at Padua. I got my new degrees there, a Master's and the Ph.D. So I started to work in the city museums of Venice, mainly the Correr Museum, but all the other museums dependent on the city. I started my career, which lasted twenty-nine years, and I ended as director of the museums. Then I retired, because in the meanwhile I had become an associate professor at the University of Padua and then a full professor at the University of Venice. I had to retire because I couldn't keep the two positions. It was a great experience, anyway, because I believe that for an art historian to have worked in museums is absolutely mandatory. To be an expert in the conservation, as well as the identification, of paintings and drawings is very important. The city museums of Venice are very rich, from that point of view, because we have collections of all sorts, ranging from furniture and costumes all the way through paintings and sculpture and medals and prints and drawings. So I was forced to become a sort of expert in everything. That, I think, helped me very much.

Student: Did you ever have any particular experience that led you in the direction of art studies? For instance, did you read anything memorable that excited your interest in art?

Pignatti: No, it was not any particular reading that persuaded me to get into the arts. When I started reading art books, I had already a position as research assistant and librarian in the city museums.

I had to work very much in the art library — I had to reshape that entirely, it was in such bad condition. I had to write the catalogs. At least half the entries that you read now at the Correr Museum were done by me. I went into a lot of reading. I think many authors interested me, but I was interested in them all professionally. So I wasn't taken by any lightning shock — any colpo di fulmine. It was really a professional thing.

Student: Do you have any one project that you enjoyed in particular, or any one aspect of Venetian art? Is there any time period or artist that is your favorite?

Pignatti: The Correr, where I built up my knowledge and experience and study is, as I said before, very rich in Venetian collections. I had to work on all of them so it naturally came out that I would be a Venetian specialist. That doesn't mean a very narrow field, as you know, It's rather a large field and it represents, especially from the Gothic to the Modern, at least a third of all of Italian art. Venice with Florence and Rome is practially all of it.

Student: Do you have a personal favorite artist?

Pignatti: Well, from time to time, you know, we historians have our favorite artists. So we specialize in that time period. I am not a one man author, because I should be at least an ten, or fifteen-men author. Venice used to have very great monographic exhibitions. The first in which I took a great interest was Giovanni Bellini in 1949. I was just at the beginning of my career. After that we had Tiepolo in 1951 and I became secretary general of the show. I practically had to assemble everything and take collections from everbody. I participated in the writing of the catalog. I wrote the part on Tiepolo's drawings and prints, so in a way, Tiepolo was my first love. But it is not that I fell in love permanently with any particular one. I was married - it was a forced marriage to him. But since I loved Tiepolo so much, I started working in the eighteenth century. Then all the other great shows in Venice interested me one after the other. I wrote on Lotto, then I started to work on the Guardi. Finally we came to the great show in 1965. If I have one preferred artist or artists, it is the Guardi brothers, because I got involved very much with the resurrection of Giovanni Antonio Guardi, the brother who had been overlooked by the scholars.

Student: Yes, you mentioned that one of your professors believed that there was only one Guardi.

Pignatti

Of course, my professor in Padua hated me, started to hate me, because I resuscitated this elder brother Guardi, in whom he did not believe. He believed that he was non-existent. He wanted to give all Giovanni Antonio's works to the better known brother, Francesco. I think I was the most active scholar and researcher in that recreation of the artistic personality of Giovanni Antonio Guardi. That ended in the big show of 1965. That was my big truimph, you know, because it was a total defeat of the other group and we entirely won. Now there is no longer that problem.

Problems have always interested me very much. I think in that regard my law background has been very useful, because the law makes you very keen about logic and that sort of research very precise, with documents, and so on. I think that led me very often to develop studies on the youths of the masters, giovanezze, or studies of various problems, such as confusion between artists, you know, attributions to be made. Another problem on which I worked very much was the Canaletto/Belotto affair. Canaletto had a nephew, Belotto, whose works were confused with his own. The confusion even led to a fight between uncle and nephew. Belotto had been his pupil and imitated him very much. I think I cleared the problem up with a very lucky series of studies. Another problem that interests me always is the artist's procedure of work - I mean the workshop procedure. How did they proceed from drawing to painting? In that I was helped very much by my study of drawings.

Student: How did you become involved in teaching at Casa Artom?

Pignatti: In Venice, a group of scholars, authors, and artists got together to build up a small society of people called the Venice Island of Studies. Our greatest conviction was that Venice is the most beautiful place in the world that can be an island of studies in itself. We did our best to encourage foreign institutions to settle in Venice. In time, we came in contact with Bianca Artom, who wanted to do something for Wake Forest, as she is both a Venetian and a Wake Forester. After that initial contact, she worked so marvelously, with all our encouragement, to build up the program at Casa Artom. So, obviously as an English-speaking professor, I became the art professor there.

Student: Of what value has your teaching at Casa Artom been to you? Do you have any special memories?

Pignatti: Nearly five hundred students have passed through our program in Venice, you know. You see here that I have just received a copy of the Wake Forest Bulletin, where my course is listed. It says, here it is: "Terisio Pignatti, visiting profes-

sor of Art History since 1971." I think that the five hundred students who have passed through Casa Artom in the last ten years have brought back to this country, to their families and their homes, something special. You ask yourself whether you have profited by that experience. I'm sure the answer is ves. I think that it is terribly thrilling to be involved in such a creative experience. It really is creative to be able to transmit to foreign and inexperienced people information about and a love for a culture with which they are unfamiliar. I consider my contribution to the Casa Artom program to be perhaps even more important than the teaching chair I hold, than the chairmanship I hold in the department at Venice. If I had to choose, I would choose to remain a visiting professor at Wake Forest. I feel it is an honor for me. It is a very fulfilling activity. A professor should be able to have the feeling that he does his work to build up something in the spirit of the people. I am sure that the students, depending more or less on their characters and involvement, come back with a new way of looking at things and a new experience that goes deeper than a simple knowledge of, say, a particular artisit's dates of birth and death. I don't pretend that all five hundred students have come back and gotten into the arts. Probably no more than five or fifteen whose careers I have followed with great sympathy and great interest. I like to feel that I have been partly responsible in directing them. I don't consider that to be the most important thing. The experience is also vital for someone who would return and become a lawyer or an educator or a physician. One needs this experience in a city like Venice which takes you in so much, which involves you so much in the way of life of the city and her citizens. You know, with fewer motor cars and fewer wheels - that helps a lot. You see more of the faces and eyes of the people, and you see and feel more of what they are thinking. That's something that can get you much more deeply into humanity. Venice is a city in which humanity is much more deeply present than in some other places in the world, where the mass media and the modern age have changed too much. Venice remains unique and offers unique charms to the students who go there. If I had to suggest any place to go in the world, I would suggest Venice.

Student: What are you doing this fall at Harvard?

Pignatti: I am teaching — it's a special chair of Italian culture that is given to Italians who can teach in English. So I teach a public course in Venetian art, and I also collaborate as a visiting professor in the Fine Arts Department at the Fogg Museum. I am also teaching one of the upper level seminars on problems in Venetian art.

Student: You said last night's lecture on mannerism is based on an exhibition currently taking place in Venice, on which you collaborated with Dr. Palucchini

Pignatti: Yes, Palucchini has always worked on mannerism. He is now Professor Emeritus at the University of Padua. He is ten years older than I am and was probably more of a friend to me than a master, but yes, in some ways also a maestro. We have always collaborated together. He split his chair in two and I started teaching on half of his chair. He has always been the greatest scholar of mannerism, and the one who has resuscitated the concept of Venetian mannerism. We have been working on that for years and years, and one of his dreams was to be able to build up this exhibit. His last course was called "A Project For An Imaginary Exhibit," and the project turned into reality.

Student: And the catalog from the exhibition is being published?

Pignatti: Yes, a big book on which all his friends and former colleagues, assistants, and pupils have collaborated. Palucchini wrote the general introduction. It's a sort of summa, the bible of Venetian mannerism.

Student: What are some projects you would like to work on in the future?

Well, my projects are controlled by my sched-Pignatti: ule of teaching. I have to teach a course every year, so I usually do a monographic course. Next year I will do Canaletto. Right now in London is the exhibition of the extraordinary Canalettos in the royal collection in Buckingham Palace. There are some fifty Canalettos that were bought in Venice during the lifetime of the painter and sold to the king. They have been all restored and cleaned up, so I've been working on Canaletto in the past year or so. That has led me back to do some work on the eighteenth century. My most engaging work in the next four or five years will be the rewriting of my general textbook of Italian art, which is still being used, but is thirty-five years old now. A friend and I are collaborating on that now along with my young assistants.

Student: Venice has to be two things at once. It has to be a city that lives and it is at the same time a museum.
What do you think Venice's future will be?

Pignatti: That's a difficult question; you've already given

the answer very precisely. Venice is the cradle of so many artistic developments and masterpieces, and insofar as that goes, it must remain environmentally as close as possible to the times in which these masterpieces were created. In the other way, it must be a living city that must concede to modernity in some necessary aspects. The Venetians must have a means of economic survival and that is tourism. About fifty percent of the income of Venice comes from tourism, so it risks becoming a museum city, like those you find in some places of the world. Obviously you think of a Williamsburg, where the people come into the city in the morning, dressed in the antique way, and get into arts and crafts. Think of Old Salem. If Venice has to become something like Old Salem .. . That is one tendency, you know, the museum city. That can be terrible; that will drive away the living population. It would create an alienated population that would come into the city with no interest, because it would no longer be their city. They would just serve as waiters and shop clerks and sell the city. That's a terrible risk; I would say that we are all aware of that. Even the politicians are aware of it: they try to keep the population in the city as much as possible. That poses terrible problems we have very little adequate housing. And then there is the problem of conservation. We have risked sinking for several years now. Now the sinking has been stopped; there is no more disruption of the water table on the mainland. But we still have the high tides from time to time flooding the city. The project to close the mouths of the port is going into operation now and will take at least five years. There is sufficient financial support from the Italian government. That is not the problem, strangely enough to say, in a poor country like Italy. The problem is to find one decision and to stick with it.

Student: Have you any interst in contemporary European art? What kind of art is happening in Venice today?

Pignatti: Just as an amateur.... There are many important things going on in Venice now; we have some very important Italian painters. Venice is one of the most active centers of art right now, with painters like Di Luigi, who has just recently died, and Guidi, who is still alive; that is the older generation. There are also the younger masters like Santomaso, Vedova, and Pizzianato; they are all very active. It's not stagnant at all. Luckily they're not painting "Catolina with the Gondola" and no picture post-cards. It's all very modern and very involved with what's going on in the rest of the world.

Student: Just as a question for fun, what do you think of our Maki sculpture, the large one outside the Fine

Arts Center?

Pignatti: Well, I think just what I think of hundreds of other such pieces we see around. They can be nice; sometimes they enliven the landscape. Sometimes they endanger the landscape. I don't think this one poses too much of a threat.

Student: I'm sure you've seen the James Surls piece going up in the lobby of the Fine arts Center.

Pignatti: I was watching this morning that sort of chimera or crocodile going up, and I learned that it was an angel, not a crocodile. It is very interesting; I don't dislike it too much. It looked to me like a very characteristic work of a sort of popular sentiment. But they tell me it's not entirely popular — this man is more sophisticated than I thought. Still, I think it remains to be considered more in the range of ethnic art, or arts and crafts. Anyway, it's not unpleasant. The space needed to be filled with something. Normally they would fill it with a lamp. To fill it with a suspended angel or beast or whatever it is, is certainly different.

Student: Would you comment on the evolution of art history as a field of study in the past fifty years or so? What are the major trends as you see them?

There certainly have been changes in the criti-Pignatti: cal approach. We are past the purely formal consideration of fifty years ago. Now we consider the artist and his work not as separate and independent entities who dive down from Athena's brain, but as part of a social and historical structure. Works such as Arnold Houser's The Social History of Art have been tremendously important. But there is also a new awareness of technical considerations, mostly due to technical processes in the contemporary arts. The new focus on material and technique in the actual creation of art has also appeared in methods of research and criticism. Modern researchers take more care to look at the artist in his social, economic, political, and cultural ambiance. I think we are reaching a final, relaxed approach to the artist seen in his historical setting. We really have done what, for instance, literary criticism has been doing for years. The method of art historical research has matured. Another great change has been the enlargement of the art historical world to include an entire new continent. I mean to America. America didn't have much art historical activity before the thirties. That was when there was a wave of European scholars chased out by the Nazis. They brought to this country not only their books and their methods, but also themselves. I think they're practically all dead now, certainly no longer active, but the new generation of American art scholars is very promising. If we consider the present production of art studies, I would say that those in the English language more than match those in the other European languages.

Student: And of course there has been a tremendous growth in the critical consideration of American art.

Pignatti: Yes, especially in architecture. America has played such an important part in the growth of modern architecture, not only in providing the world with a genius like Frank Lloyd Wright, but also in housing geniuses like Saarinen and Gropius and Van der Rohe. So many of the great European architects have been able to work in this country because of what Louis Sullivan or a Frank Lloyd Wright had begun early in this century.

Student: You are proof that the art historian is an active person who accomplishes more than simply the publication of one book after another. What do you see as the service the art historian can perform in the world? Why are art and the other humanities worth so much of our time?

Pignatti: Well, when M.I.T. decided to include a full section of humanities teachings twenty or so years ago, it was in consequence of the feeling that man can't live without those apparently useless things called beauty and poetry and history. The further we proceed towards the moon and the stars, the more firmly we need to be linked with the place that we come from, with all its tradition and beauty. As much as modern life proceeds towards "destruction," we also have a feeling that we have to maintain and preserve our heritage, and most importantly our artistic heritage. It is becoming more and more evident that we are aware of the necesssity for something stable, for something lasting, like poetry and art. This is encouraging, you know, that despite all the difficulties and disasters we are running into in this troubled world, one good word of consolation can come from the arts.



The Ruptured Cell

by John Reece Matson



dri nandano

Daddy's Time

by Deryl Davis

"PapashomePapashomeleseitleseit. Mamasaysitstimetacomeoncauseitsallready—va hear?"

I stood up and patted the orange dust off my blue trousers and jumped up and sprang for the door, only I had to stop and remember I was still in the army, and I still had my hat on, so I walked slow and stiff and a little afraid someone would come up behind me. (Ned had done it before, from the holly bush. Emmy had already told me: "Now doan" you go mess wi' Ned. He's big an' he'll put you up. Now doan' you mess wi' Ned...doan' you do it.") But the sunshine was warm, even in December before Christmas, and I skimmied up the front stairs while they creaked and groaned, and I thought somebody must have died putting them up, they creaked so, and because I knew it took a lot of years to build one house and then to have to add stairs to it. Usually Emmy came on and opened the door, but Momma was there and told me not to come in if I didn't want to because it wasn't time to eat yet. Then I wasn't sure if we were going to eat at all, not really. I thought we must be waiting for my daddy to get home, and then I thought that I hadn't seen him -and it might have been several days since I had-and so I said (after I had thought about it), "Well where is he then? He's not dead, is he?" If I had said it to Emmy it wouldn't have been that bad, but I said it to my Momma, and I could tell it sort of shook her like she shook me when I wouldn't shut up, and she rocked her head back and forth, and she was crying and laughing at the same time (so I knew it was pretty bad). Finally she said "Of course not. He's just been busy. He's been busy, Pal. He'll be here soon." And I sure hoped so, because I knew it would make her feel better, and I wanted to eat and see what he looked like, and see if he liked what we were

having for supper, because then Emmy would feel good, and I knew Emmy already felt pretty good.

As soon as it got dark he was home, and I felt pretty stupid because I remembered him after all (he looked just like the picture on the desk —you couldn't tell them apart), and I remembered his voice, especially the way he called the dog "dog" when I had already renamed him Fletcher two days before because I didn't like his other names (and some I forgot). He even ate with the same hand I did, which was funny because I didn't know anyone else did unless they were another color-like Emmy was.

"Look," he said, and I waited. "What-'ve you been doing today? Watching shows? Hey, you've been outside, haven't you? Haven't you?" I was scared now, with this questioning, and I knew he had been away a long time and might not remember what we did at home, but I remembered I was in the army and used to this sort of rank and file thing. and I said clearly, "Yes sir." He saluted me and called me "you monkey" and leaned over and pulled me by my feet out of my chair and onto the floor, and I was scrambling but getting nowhere because his big hands were all over me and tickling me at the ribs where it hurt, and I was laughing.

"All right boys," Momma said. "You can stop it now."

"Stop it! Stop it!" Emmy said. "Lawd stop it!"

Emmy was swooshing her apron up and down like a bee was after her, and it had her scared good.

"You two sit up at the table now and finish eating," Momma said. She smiled, and it was a pretty sight, a woman in-between two boys. Now I finished eating, and they didn't say anything, but kept on looking at me while Emmy tried to get up the dishes, but Momma said, "No Emmy, I'll get them." And then she got up.

"Pal take that off. Hand me your plate and don't squirm. You sit there. Come on, Pal, take that off."

Emmy said "Yeah."

Momma was pointing at me now with her long, long finger. I looked at my shirt, but nothing was down there, and I had wiped the plate clean, and so I looked over at Daddy to see what he would do, but he wasn't going to do anything. Emmy came and pulled my hat off. Momma said "It's time to take that off, Pal. Okay?" She didn't even wait for me to answer her. Emmy set the hat back into the hole in the little wooden chair. "Disgustin'," she said.

Now my hair was mashed down like a potato (there wasn't much of it anyway, and Emmy said there had been rats' nests in it a long time, and I didn't want anybody to see it), and Emmy started to tug a wire comb through it and soon there was hair in the plate and in the air all over. I looked at him. He wasn't going to do anything.

The next day, John-Quentin and I crawled under Mrs. Brice's feñce, even though Emmy had said not to, and we got in the meadow to chase Candy-Rocks, her big stallion. Only John-Quentin was scared, and when Candy-Rocks came over and saw John-Quentin, John-Quentin really got scared and took off for the fence and got stuck underneath it, and I laughed at him because he was crying, and I said "John-Quentin! John-Quentin! Candy-Rocks will get you out!" but he cried so much Emmy heard him and came running out, and she was mad.

"GityoselfbackinthathouseforeIknockonebigholethroughyo'haid. Mercylawdhavemercywhathaveyoudonetothispoorchile. Mercy is he dead? Mercymylawdthatoxdonetrampledhimdead. Git yo'self back in that house—ya hear!"

I think she scared John-Quentin more than the horse did. He squirmed out of that wire and picked up his feet and jumped the fence and started running like the horse had jumped the fence too and was still after him.

It wasn't so nice for me. I moved as fast as I could (Emmy was swatting at me now, but missing me and just swooshing the air, and it looked so funny I was laughing hard, and her little white eyes got red as fire). I scrambled up the little dogwood on the other side of the fence, grabbing each limb with one arm and hauling myself over until I made it to the top where everything was too small. Then she was over the fence, right below me. I don't know how she got there. I looked at my hands, and they were black from the moist tree bark. I

couldn't look at her.

"Come down!" Emmy said. She was pointing to the ground with one arm and holding her apron in the other. I knew it meant business because Emmy didn't have her apron on. Without her apron, Emmy was in a different world. I didn't know if she would know what to do.

"You come on down ret now or I'm gonna tan yo' hide, ya hear me boy? You better lestin an' lestin good efin ya know what's good fo' va or I'll..."

She stopped. I was too scared to look down so I just kept on looking at my hands, only they were getting blearier and blearier, and then the whole tree was shaking. Shaking back and forth like it was going to fall. I wrapped my legs around the branch and laid down on my stomach, and then I saw Emmy. She was hugging the tree and pulling it sideways with her arms clasped around it. I thought Emmy had a pretty good idea of what to do.

"Emmy! Emmy! Please Emmy! I'm comin' down. Right now, Emmy. I'm comin' down right now, okay? Okay Emmy?"

I didn't hear anything as I came down. It was a long time. I didn't remember it taking that long to get up. Maybe it was instinct. I wondered what Emmy would do now. I had a good idea. I checked every limb on my way down. They were big. I wondered how strong Emmy was. I was on the last one. It was like a friend, and I hated to leave it.

"Come on, git down! Come on! Do you want me to--"

I jumped. There were still at least two feet between us. If I were an ant, how long would it take me to get there? I want to be an ant, I thought. I couldn't look at her. I looked at the ground; it was wet. She lifted me by my shoulders towards her. She pointed. I followed her arm from where it started all the way up to the finger. The branch.

"Git that fo' me, and we'll see what we can do."

I wondered who else was coming. Then it happened. I really can't remember it. I just pulled up my blue trousers, and Emmy said "Les go," and we left, I following her in silence over the fence and across the dirt road.

We went ahead and ate without him that night. Emmy washed the dishes,

and Momma looked at me. I stopped eating and swallowed and gave her a big smile. She looked at me hard. I guessed that she knew what had happened. I ate some jelly so it would leave a ring around my mouth and looked over at Emmy with a big grimace on my face. Momma caught it. She's quick at things like that.

"Alright young man, it's time for you to go to bed."

"No."

"Yes."

"I'll do it," Emmy said.

Emmy did it again, only harder, because I could remember it.

Then I went to sleep.

That's all I can remember of the time on the other side of Christmas. The sun was still warm, and Daddy came home early because I had a new gun (it was really his old one), and we got into the old car (and got Fletcher in). I with my gun and Daddy with his big brown twelve-gauge that's worn on the mahogany around the chamber where somebody's fingers have been sweating over the trigger. I didn't have my hat. Daddy never let me take it because it might scare the birds, and I agreed when he said "You've gotta leave that now and be a man," even though I didn't know what he meant by that.

We sat there, under the warm sun as it trickled through the trees and ate the sandwiches Emmy had made us, and I fed Fletcher. I knew Fletcher wanted us to hunt something (he could smell things when the wind turned), but I was glad when we just sat and watched the wind blow, even though we couldn't see it, and saw the birds fly in big v's, the old ones and the young ones. We left them. I walked behind Daddy back to the old car. He was wearing all green, and he had his shotgun slung over his shoulder, pulling Fletcher with the other arm. I was mostly green too. I wondered what it was he really did.

It started to come down just as we made it to the old car. It was gray behind us, where we had come from, and I could just see the dark shapes of the birds flying through the storm. It poured, and the road became muddyred, and we shivered inside. Daddy talked about being able to see a storm before it was there: the way the wind

changed direction and that smell in the air rising from the ground and off the leaves and the way the birds flew. They knew it was coming too. Then no one said anything, and I remembered how dark it had just been; I was glad the birds had gotten out.

It was dark and still raining the last day, the last one I can remember at all. We got up early, and it was still dark because of the clouds. I had to put on my suit (Emmy helped me with the tie), and I went ouside to the old porch swing after the suit was on and just listened to the rain. I thought Ned had just come up and said "Le's eat" and everyone had left but me, and then I remembered what I had said. We got in the cars and waited. I heard the engines; they sounded like they were ringing like the ringing of the night before, and then somebody picked up the phone (it might have been Daddy), and talked into it like they were in a dream because their voice was so low. Then Daddy left in the middle of the night. The cars were moving now. Someone in the front seat mumbled. Uncle Dick lit his cigar as I watched him, and he asked me how Fletcher was, and I said "Fine, Uncle Dick" and then smelled the cigar. I knew he was trying to think of things because everyone was, and I remembered the negroes in the war Emmy told me about, the ones that didn't know where to go when they got set free, and so they just walked down the roads barefooted and smoking corn pipes and singing hymns even though they all had the same blank look on their faces because they didn't know what to say. They were lost.

We got out. Uncle Dick held my hand because he was holding an umbrella over both of us. I could still smell his cigar — bittersweet. He looked just like Daddy and Uncle Thomas Benjamin and I started to think if I could remember what their daddy looked like, but all I could remember is going fishing — it was wet then, too. How I cast the long cane pole, splashing the water and rocking the moss on top until I saw the snake, and he ran to the car and come back and shot it.

I felt Uncle Dick's hand squeezing mine tightly. I looked up. Daddy was on the platform. It seemed natural to me; I was used to it. He grabbed the molded oak siding, and I could see his knuckles because they were white. He breathed deeply and then looked over all of us into the rain. I wondered if he was looking for the birds. They're gone, I thought. His face was red, and he didn't look at anyone very long, he just kept moving, and finally he started speaking, his voice quavering until several times I thought it was going to break. I thought of the snake now, and I closed my eyes, and I could see it, but I couldn't see him, I couldn't see what he looked like. I listened to Daddy again, and I was shaking just like I was in the tree. I saw Emmy under it. Where is Emmy? She could tell me what he looked like. She could tell me if he looked just like Daddy and Uncle Dick and Uncle Thomas Benjamin, I couldn't hear anything now. I looked up. Daddy was looking out into the rain again and swallowing hard and fast. Uncle Dick squeezed my hand so hard it hurt.

"Are you all right, Uncle Dick?" I saw that Uncle Dick was holding his cigar, and his eyes were wet. I never thought Uncle Dick was like Daddy. Daddy spent all his time on answering the phone in the middle of the night and talking to people and saving prayers and telling stories on Sundays. But they looked almost the same. Then I thought they must both be crying because they're brothers. But Uncle Dick was crying in the back by me, and Daddy was up front where everybody could see him. He was talking about his father. His father had told him about how to tell when it was going to rain. He had told me so. Daddy had told me that there were a lot of things we didn't understand. "Things end, Pal. My father told me a lot of things that he learned, and now I'll tell you a lot of things that I've learned so you won't make the same mistakes I did."

I thought I understood now. I thought

I understood why he got up in the middle of the night and took me to the old folks' home on Christmas Eve and talked on Sundays and didn't get home when supper was ready. Momma took my hand as everyone left. We walked towards the cars, and it had stopped raining, so we didn't need Uncle Dick's umbrella.

"That took lots of courage, didn't it?" I asked Momma.

"Yes Pal," she said.

We got in the car, and I said, "Are we going home now?"

"Yes."

I looked outside the window and saw Daddy and Uncle Dick standing alone in the middle, ouside of the big tent, looking up into the trees. Uncle Dick had another cigar, but he was holding it in his hand and talking to Daddy. And behind them, below the gray clouds, the birds were coming back.

The Search for Cherry-Marshall, or Going Home

I hesitate at Liberty But instead opt for Patterson, Dashing through a long stream of numbers Till at Forsyth Funeral Home I lose hope and turn Retracing haphazardly, This time, asking questions, But at each pause to ponder, Somebody honks.

by Catherine Frier

Business and the Beaux Arts:

Corporate Cooperation Brightens the Future of the Arts

"Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality."

by Kurt Rosell

Although ninteenth-century art critic John Ruskin undoubtedly was not attempting to link the modern corporate sector to the flourishing of the arts when he wrote this line, he was suggesting that the progress of civilization away from brutality depended upon both work and leisure, Ruskin has fused Max Weber's idea of the spirit of Protestantism to the idea that civilization is not complete without reflecting upon itself and expressing its values in artistic and musical expression. The corporate sector of the United States is certainly a reflection of the industriousness of her people. The arts and business communities have come to realize that the progress of the quality of life away from brutality is the greatest result of cooperation with each other. How well this association grows may very well decide the difference between a flourishing cultural environment in the United States and brutality.

The idea that the arts will flourish in the United States only with the aid of government subsidies has gained widespread acceptance of late. Thus the Reagan administration's ten million dollar reduction in the 1982 budget of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) was greeted by some members of the arts community as a harbinger of certain doom. To make matters worse, the recently released 1983 budget proposals

called for an additional reduction of thirty-two million dollars. American art, some say, is teetering on the brink of the abyss, ready to tumble into the cultural wasteland. It appears, however, that there is no factual basis for such concerns. The truth is that direct federal subsidies for the arts represent only a small portion of the total arts funding. Greater amounts are provided by three other sources, namely, individual patrons, corporations, and philanthropic foundations. Indeed, if there ever was a need for federal arts subsidies, that need has now passed. In the future, it appears, the arts will be supported increasingly by the corporate sector. The reduction of federal support for the arts represents merely a turning point in the way arts are funded in the United States. How well the arts community perceives this fact will, however, determine whether this is a turn for the better or worse. To understand the present situation, we must gain a historical per-

The federal government entered into active support of the arts in 1965, the year in which the National Endowment for the Arts was established. Federal support has increased over the years to the point where the NEA budget in 1979 totaled \$153 million. Although this is surely a considerable sum, it represents only a small percentage of the total

arts support. Thus while the amount of federal funding is relatively insignificant, its importance has been overstated by most observers. This is in part due to the events surrounding the establishment of the NEA. Less than a month before his assassination, John F. Kennedy delivered a speech at Amherst College proclaiming that he looked forward "to an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business or statecraft.' It was widely assumed that the President would soon propose a federal agency to aid in the fulfillment of this mission. Lyndon Johnson, in attempting to carry out Kennedy's unfinished programs, incorporated the NEA as a part of his "Great Society" package. Thus the NEA was the subject of considerable media coverage at its inception, a condition which continues, while other sources of arts funding are largely

The creation of the NEA probably seemed most important to observers in the 1960's. We now know, however, that the truly significant event of that decade was the formation of the Business Committee for the Arts, or BCA. This organization, which began operation in January, 1968, has its origins in a speech delivered by David Rockefeller at a National Industrial Conference Board dinner. Rockefeller suggested

that an organization should be created that would bring the business and arts communities together to exploit the mutual advantages of such an association. The success of the BCA has been dramatic. In 1967, a year before the BCA was formally organized, total business contributions to the arts totalled \$22 million. In 1979, the last year for which figures are available, the amount had reached \$436 million and was climbing at a yearly rate of about twenty percent. This figure is approximately three times the federal subsidy of the same year. Despite this fact, the importance of both the BCA and the amount of corporate arts support has not been recognized. Neither, for that matter, have the contributions of individual patrons, which totalled \$2.27 billion in 1979, or private foundations, which gave \$188 million that year. Thus as the situation now stands, there are four major sources of arts funding, the least important of which is government.1

Still, some would argue, it is not the real amount of federal support that matters, but rather the impetus it gives to arts fundraising. According to this view, when government support is removed from an organization, that organization's other sources also tend to dry up. As Edwin Wilson observes, "It's not the dollar amount so much as the imprimature of government support that is important."2 The argument runs that since patrons, corporations, and foundations are all aware of the screening process that accompanies federal grants, they will not contribute to an organization which does not receive such aid, viewing this as a sign of the organization's unworthiness. It is easy to understand how this view developed. When the NEA budget was growing each year, the removal of funds from an arts group usually did indicate that the government had found the group unacceptable and was thus so interpreted. Now that the NEA budget is decreasing, and all parties involved are aware of this fact, the removal of NEA support is more likely to be correctly interpreted as part of the overall reduction, and a sign that more support is needed from other sources.

Not content to face the reality of reduced federal funding and to begin

efforts to look elsewhere for support, some arts organizations are complaining that the federal cuts are forcing them to place more emphasis on enlarging local audiences. One Los Angeles dance company reports that it will have to resort to teaching, dance demonstrations, "and other things to increase the size of the local audience."3 This is an illustration of the argument that government support often acted as a disincentive for arts organizations to try to attract large audiences. One economist argues that since NEA funds were often made in the form of matching grants which matched donations rather than ticket revenues, the arts group had no incentive to try to attract local audiences or maximize ticket revenues. He argues that since the people who attend performances are usually the same people who make donations, the groups are content to attract a small audience of loyal patrons at low ticket prices, then try to induce these patrons to make donations which the NEA would match. The question may arise as to exactly what purpose these organizations thought they were serving with such practices. In any event, one happy consequence of reduced federal aid is that it will force some arts groups to suffer the inconvenience of attempting to attract local audiences.4

While such arguments provide food for thought, they do not address the fundamental problem underlying all federal subsidies. The problem is, quite simply, that federal programs are dependent on the unpredictable turn of political events. In times of economic distress, politicians have a difficult time trying to defend the existence of programs popularly considered nonessential. Unfortunately, the NEA budget is usually considered nonessential. Unemployed steelworkers couldn't care less whether reductions in the NEA budget force a New York group to curtail its street theater operations. Thus programs like the NEA are fundamentally unstable, an unsure proposition at best. The dependence of our arts organizations on an unstable and politically expendable program seems unwise. Of course many will argue that the support of business for the arts is also subject to the vicissitudes of the economy. Many

will even claim that business support of the arts is almost entirely a response to the stimulus provided by the government. They view the establishment of the NEA as a causal factor which led to increased corporate arts support. This view, however, does not recognize the fundamental difference between government and corporate support of the arts.

Corporate arts support is not a subsidy. Rather, it is based on mutual benefit. To understand this, one must understand the role of corporations in our society. A common view is that since corporations possess such a large amount of assets and often earn large profits, it is only fair that some of this money be given to non-profit organizations. It is certain that corporations do not view themselves in this light, however. This is because ultimately, corporations are owned by stockholders, who expect a return on the resources they have invested in the firm. They do not expect their money to be used for philanthropy. If they did, they could have easily donated the money to a philanthropic foundation themselves. The corporation, then, is under an obligation to provide a return on its stockholders' investments, and it does this in either of two ways. The first is to distribute dividends to its shareholders, providing them with current income. If a corporation gives money to an arts organization, it is using, in effect, funds that could have been used to pay dividends. If the corporation does not benefit in some way from its arts contribution, it is only depriving its stockholders of income. Naturally, then, the corporation expects to realize some benefit from its gift in order to compensate for the lost dividends. The firm, after all. could have distributed the dividends and let each individual shareholder decide how much he wished to donate to the arts. Secondly, the firm could plow its resources back into itself (by purchasing more efficient production equipment, for example), and increase future profitability. This returns a capital gain to its stockholders, who then could decide what to do with their money, in terms of arts donations or otherwise. In short, there is no theoretical reason corporations should contribute to the arts

R. J. Reynolds Industries, Incorporated, has given \$1 million for the construction of the Winston Square complex, the new home of the Winston-Salem Arts Council. This grant is part of the aggregate support given to the arts in Winston-Salem by corporations, including Hanes Mills, Wachovia Bank and Trust, and Integon.



Looking toward the Sawtooth Building Arts Complex.

Construction work is the final stage of the complex — an amphitheater.

out of altruism. This explanation is intended to show that corporations, and especially managers in charge of corporations who want to keep their jobs, will only contribute to the arts if it is to their advantage. Fortunately, the business community has begun to realize that arts contributions often do act to their advantage.

This is the key to the future of arts support in the United States. For a long time the business community did not recognize the fact that it could benefit from association with the arts. Beginning in the late 60's this began to change. The fact that the business community followed the government so closely in arts support has led some observers to conclude that the formation of the NEA was instrumental in increasing the level of corporate arts support. This view ignores the central importance of the BCA in enlisting corporate support. It also fails to recognize that business tends to view its contributions as investments, not philanthropic acts. The relevant fact is, however, that the business community now recognizes, to the tune of \$436 million, that it can develop a symbiotic relationship with the arts. The benefits are merely more nebulous and difficult to measure than dividends or new plant and equipment.

This discovery has accounted for the tremendous growth of corporate arts support in recent years. Before this change of view, most corporations set aside a nominal part of its budget each year for arts "contributions". Now firms typically have a committee drawn from the board of directors, advised by a professional staff, which decides the amount and distribution of its arts contributions. The firm will still issue a broad, value-laden statement concerning the importance it attaches to aiding the development of culture and the arts, but the underlying attitude has changed.

Arts organizations, or the foundations which support them, must recognize the fundamental change which is occurring and act accordingly. Government support, never large, is dwindling, and will always depend on the turn of political events. Corporate support, on the other hand, has been increasing steadily and substantially, with no signs of letting up. Moreover, there is plenty of room for corporate support to improve. Currently, only about one percent of all corporations are active in arts support, yet their total contributions are sure to top half a billion dollars in 1982. As more

firms discover the advantages of association with the arts, and those already involved refine their technique, the amount of support can only increase.

* * *

So far, the arts situation has only been covered from a national perspective. One might wonder if this corporatecentered ideology actually works on a local scale. There is proof that it does, and that proof is in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Winston-Salem has been the recipient of a lot of favorable press due to its growing reputation as a flourishing cultural center. Private support has been instrumental in bringing about the current situation. It is no coincidence that Winston-Salem is also the home of R. J. Revnolds Industries, Inc., the largest corporation headquartered in the South with assets of over seven billion dollars. Its influence has been pervasive in the local arts scene. From 1976 to 1981, Reynolds gave \$1.8 million to the North Carolina School of the Arts, \$1.2 million to the Winston-Salem Arts Council, \$1.5 million to Wake Forest University for construction of the Music Wing of the James R. Scales Fine Arts Center, \$153,000 to Reynolda House, \$695,000 to Old Salem, \$70,000 to the Moravian Music Foundation, and lesser amounts to the North Carolina Dance Theater and the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Arts. All of these organizations are located in Winston-Salem.⁵

Reynolds Industries' approach may be seen in many respects as typical of large corporations involved in support of the arts. The firm is a member, on both the state and national levels, of the Business Committee for the Arts. The amount and distribution of its contributions is decided by the Corporate Contributions Committee of the Board of Directors, which is chaired by company President J. Tylee Wilson. Reynolds refuses, however, to release a comprehensive list of its contributions, since, as a corporate spokesman phrased it, "This is a corporation, not a foundation." This underscores the pragmatic approach Reynolds takes to its contributions. Still, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive officer I. Paul Sticht espouses Reynolds's reasons for arts giving in somewhat more idealistic terms. Mr. Sticht says:

We (at Reynolds Industries) are committed to the concept that a vibrant community is a necessary condition for our long-run corporate health. Our experience here (in Winston-Salem) affirms that a community with a strong cultural base is also strong in other respects — economically, educationally, and socially.

While such statements of mission cannot be taken at face value, one or two observations may make this particular statement useful. First, notice that Mr. Sticht does not give philanthropic justification for Reynolds's gifts. Instead, he relates them to the ultimate survival of the firm. Next, notice that Sticht specifies Winston-Salem, not New York or San Francisco, as the important community. These rather broad principles were segmented into more specific components by the aforementioned corporate spokesman. One of these was the matter of attracting top managerial talent to Winston-Salem. One must remember that much of this talent is presently located in large cities and that



Lower-level gallery in Sawtooth Building Arts Complex.

these people might be skeptical of locating in a small southern city. Since Reynolds is obviously committed to remaining headquartered in Winston-Salem, they are naturally interested in making the city as attractive a place to live as possible, if only to aid in attracting competent managers. This includes helping to improve the cultural situation, which Reynolds has surely done. This explains the emphasis on Winston-Salem, where the benefit of arts investment most directly accrues to the firm and its employees. 6

This leads to one of the most innovative facets of Reynolds Industries' support of the arts. The company recently announced that it would sponsor a national tour of the North Carolina School of the Arts musical production entitled "Jazz Is". This is perhaps the clearest illustration of how well the business and arts worlds can work together for the benefit of both. Reynolds is putting approximately \$300,000 into the show, which will travel to twenty cities across the country. All of the members of the cast and crew will become temporary employees of Reynolds for the duration of the tour. Transportation, room, and board will also be paid for and arranged by Reynolds. This is the first national tour involving the School of the Arts, so they are naturally excited by the prospect. The cast and crew will gain invaluable experience and the School will get a chance to show the results of its programs and garner some national publicity. Reynolds will get the benefit of association with the School of the Arts, free publicity, and an improved corporate image all for little more than the cost of a one minute commercial on network television. Moreover, Reynolds has divisions operating in eleven of the twenty cities that the tour will visit, so the benefits will reflect fairly directly on the firm.

While many may consider this an unusual type of operation, and it is, it is only a logical extension of the principle. Incorporation of the cast and crew as employees of the firm emphasizes the new attitude of business towards the arts. In addition, the people at Reynolds seem to view the production of "Jazz Is" as only the first production in a series of joint ventures with the School of the Arts. Company officials say the project will be evaluated as to its success at its conclusion, but give every indication that there are few conditions under which it would not be considered successful.

This should not be interpreted to mean that Reynolds is the only firm in Winston-Salem that actively supports the arts. Other firms such as Hanes Mills, Wachovia Bank and Trust, and Integon all are very active. Reynolds is the largest and most recognizable however, and thus it serves well as an illustration. The advantages of having such large firms located in the city do not end with monetary grants. The employees of all of the industries in the area also donate their time and expertise to the various non-profit groups, providing them with aid of a type which would be otherwise unavailable. Although such in-kind donations cannot be objectively measured, their importance should not be underestimated.

Unfortunately, this generally optimistic outlook does not apply to all facets of the arts situation. While a discussion of all of the factors which have an impact on the arts is obviously beyond the scope of this article, it must be emphasized that the outlook for arts education in the public schools appears discouraging. This is the one area, and many

would argue, most important, in which government support of the arts is dominant. The problem here is the same as on the national level, however. Opposition to rising property taxes, which are the main source of funding for school systems, has forced schools to tighten their belts. Unfortunately, music and art programs are again often considered onnessential and are the first to be eliminated when the schools go on a diet. More unfortunately, local school systems rarely have the option of applying to private patrons or corporations for help.

John Kennedy's vision of an America in which achievement in the art is rewarded as well as achievement in business or politics appears as distant now as ever. The point of this article has been that dependence on the government never was a very good idea, and now appears to be a thing of the past. Arts organizations must develop their relationships with the corporate sector if they are to survive. The sooner they recognize this fact and act accordingly, the better chance we have that Kennedy's dream will someday be a reality.

Notes:

¹Nicholas Arcomano, "Corporate Support of Dance: The Business Committee for the Arts," DANCEMAGAZINE, June 1981, pp. 70-71.

²Harold C. Shonberg, "Cuts in Federal Arts Budgets to Hit Small Groups Hardest," The New York Times, February 19, 1982, pp. 1,8.

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⁴Henry Hansmann, "Nonprofit Enterprise in the Performing Arts," The Bell Journal of Economics, Autumn, 1981, pp. 341-361.

⁵Interview with R. J. Reynolds Industries, Inc. spokesman.

⁶Ihid.

Music Wing!

The construction of the new music wing of the James R. Scales Fine Arts Center has proceeded quickly. A generous matching fund contribution of \$1.5 million from R. J. Reynolds, Industries has helped Wake Forest University realize its long-standing commitment to provide modern high-quality facilities for the students and the music department.





Eric Williams

The Gypsy Sonata

I. Rochelle

Rochelle is a girl who Tries to reveal her soul through Her eyes. More Is revealed by the abundance of Eye shadow she wears.

II. You and I

What think you when we walk, You and I, that well-worn path At night, when all seems Steamy and far away? Walk quickly, For our path is behind old Buildings, away from lights, and What does it matter if the Dark obscures your face?

III. The Path

You walk an irregular path; It curves in almost the right places. Much as I almost know your name, I almost see your eyes.

IV. The Gypsy

Let us go, then, you and I,
To B movies — your hands are
Cold again — and tell me again
How you want to sing
Burlesque — grotesque, I almost find
That alluring — You act as a
Woman who has just turned thirty.

V. New York

The yellow-checkered haze locks down on red As plumed pimps cross the streets, Leading pink poodles, and you know it's Cloudy even though you see stars.

VI. Mardi Gras

Parades at night, with fireworks and Dragons, snaking forward with drums to Dance to — Shall we rumba? — The Streets smell of burning flesh And leather. Slave girls Bleed for free.

VII. The Light

Three fools from the East saw
A light in your window, and came up
To ask you for favors. You may fake it
If you do not wish to speak
With your eyes.

by James Norris

"ART?" at Wake Forest

by Patrick Cloninger

The addition of the Maki sculpture has stimulated many varied remarks that show the Wake Forest community is bothered by pat definitions of art and what it is supposed to be and to do for the viewer. This is most evident from the dialogues following the construction of the Maki sculpture beside the Scales Fine Arts Center. Although the average Wake Forest student is constantly exposed to art in various forms - the Artists Series, the College Union Collection of Contemporary Art in Reynolda Hall, rotating shows in the Scales Fine Arts Center Gallery, performances of the University Theatre, and the artistic events of Winston-Salem of every nature and kind - a majority of students possess a very low artistic awareness of any of these events. These problems of artistic awareness have not always been an issue, as one can see from tracing the history of the College Union Fine Arts Committee, one of the chief patrons of the arts for the Wake Forest community. Students on the College Union Fine Arts Committee work diligently to try to raise the artistic awareness of the entire Wake Forest community, faculty and staff, as well as students.

The College-Union was established in 1958 to "guarantee that there waould be something to do on campus Friday and Saturday nights." This organization was to be responsible for all student activities on campus. Since the students were the organization, it gave them an outlet for their discontent over the Baptist State Convention's reaffirming the ban on dancing. By scheduling social events, movies, lectures, concerts, and art exhibits, College Union insured there would be a wide variety of campus-wide activities.

By December, 1962, an interest in the fine arts had been ignited in a school that had no formal Art Department or fine arts building. The College Union Board of Directors voted to rebudget funds from the Film Committee, the Fine Arts Committee, the Recreation Committee, and any other committee funds remaining at the end of the fiscal year, for the purchase of art in New York City. The purchase committee was charged to find representative examples of contemporary art which in later years would document the development of the major trends of the day. In June, 1963, a five-man Purchase Committee traveled to New York, including: David Forsyth - President of the College Union: Ted Meredith - Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee: Dr. Edwin G. Wilson - then Dean of the College: Mark H. Reece - Dean of Men; and Dr. J.A. Easley - professor of religion. Since student funds were used to purchase the art, the collection was to be purchased, maintained, and owned by the students of Wake Forest. This idea so fascinated the galleries that two galleries gave works to help the students start their collection and one reduced the price of a work that would not have been purchased otherwise. At the same time, the committee acquired works from the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art, the present day Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art (SECCA). These purchases were in the form of prizes awarded annually during a show of the work of the foremost Southeastern artists of the United States.

Following the first purchases, the College Union Fine Arts Committee continued to offer a wide variety of activities. They regularly sponsored art shows in the small gallery in Tribble Hall and occasionally offered small concerts. The committee continued to purchase art in New York City every other year and offered the prize at the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art every other year until 1967. At that time, it was decided it would be more efficient to spend twice the money designated for a regular purchase trip every four years, instead of every two years, thus halving the expenses.

Although the committee decided to delay its purchase trip for two years, the students pushed for a formal art program at Wake Forest in 1966. Articles and editorials were run in *The Student* that showed the students were aware of art and needed and wanted formal instruction in art. It was also noted that a fine arts building was included in the original plans of the campus, but had not been built yet.

Even though Dr. A. Lewis Aycock had taught courses in art history along with his English courses since the 1920's, only non-credit studio art courses were offered by the College Union Fine Arts Committee. In 1968, the college hired Dr. Sterling Boyd as the first full time staff member of the Art Department. This took some of the responsibility away from the Fine Arts Committee. The Art Department requested and received the use of the gallery in Tribble Hall for art shows the Department would sponsor. The Art Department then offered studio courses for credit, although the College Union continued to offer crafts courses, and continues to do so.

Despite the addition of the Art Department, the College Union Fine Arts Committee remained active in various ways. The committee continued to sponsor art shows and sales. Purchase

trips to New York City were made in 1969, 1973, and 1977. The committee continued to raise the students' art awareness by having more concerts. Occasionally, the committee devotes weeks at a time to showcasing campus talent in dance, music, and the visual arts. In 1974, the Writer's Reading Series was established by the College Union and the English Department to bring poets to Wake Forest to read their poetry and give poetry seminars to students. Since its inception, a total of seventeen poets have read as a part of

the program, including Elizabeth Bishop, Thomas Kinsella, Phillip Levine, and Richard Hugo.

In many ways the Fine Arts Committee continues in the above-mentioned tradition. Although during the past several years there has been a lull in the Fine Arts Committee's programming, it is beginning to pick up with a group of interested and exciting people. A new series of small concerts is now being co-sponsored by the Music Department and College Union. Writer's Reading will continue to bring poets to campus

this spring. The committee hopes to hang the New York purchases soon and publish a catalogue of the collection. Art shows and sales appear from time to time in Reynolda Hall and in the Tribble Hall Gallery. Starting this year, the Fine Arts Committee will co-sponsor Dinner Theatre with the University Theatre; in the past the Union Attraction Series has held this. These are the types of things that the committee tries to do to make students more aware of the arts on campus.





52 THE STUDENT

Finé

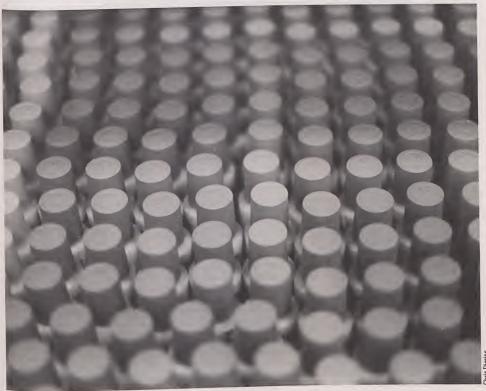
When she was young
If she ever had to die,
She would die dramatically
Off a cliff, into the sea, with Beethoven's Fifth playing
A glorious end!

One day Several shopworn years later she sat In a small cheap flat, And took ten,

twenty,
thirty pale blue pills,

And slept.

by Catherine Frier



The Flyers

by Deryl Davis

It had been a long night, and they had been up many times. He wanted to sleep instead of holding the muddy cup of coffee which he blew into, making swirls and raising steam. He was not afraid of the impact. He was no more afraid of it than he was of the bursting flames which would follow. But he was afraid that when it happened, if it happened, he would not have time for ritual, for a speedily uttered prayer. It would end quickly.

He checked his pocket to make sure the letter was still there. "Cpt. Burton McCauley: to my wife." McCauley was still sleeping across from him. He could see his fluorescent watch in the intervals when the hanging lights went out. It read "Five-thirty." He had never seen one of these before coming here. He knew it helped when it became dark and no one knew how much fuel you had left or how far you were from home. But he never looked at one, so he never took one. If he ever had time to look, it would be too late. He would not think about that. McCauley had told him never to think about that. The coffee was cold, and his mind wandered to Nice and the country and the young French girl with the brocades and tressle of an eighteenth century marionette. He had been far from here then, attempting to translate in a broken, southern-tilted accent to the bewildered country-folk. They smiled as if they understood every word; they pointed to the sky.

"Wings, ignition, throttle." He experimented with elementary knowledge to see if he was still alert. As usual, he could not get the order straight. "That's okay. You never get it straight until you get in and see it. Until your

hands are on the throttle and hot and sweating in the strained leather gloves. It's okay. When you're young, it's okay."

"Any action?" McCauley had opened his sagging eyes, but he wasn't awake. "Did you get some sleep? You got some sleep, didn't you? Get some sleep while it's still dark. All right? I want you awake and on my tail when we go. All right?"

He smiled and nodded, drawing McCauley back into a motionless trance as his eyes closed. He looked older. Had he always been that old? Every day seemed to put a year on him. "Grandpa," he called him. "Grandpa, can ya teach me to fly?" His face even reminded him of a desert. Something that had always been there, that changed every day, that you could see glistening at night like a ghost. He thought he probably wouldn't recognize him at all if he didn't consistently wear the same brown jacket and muddy cavalry boots and gray woolen sweater his wife had given him. Not really knowing of what he thought. He knew what he feared, but he knew that it would never happen. A man who would even write a letter about it was too cautious to die.

He knew his mother didn't realize any of it. He was thankful. If she saw him now, sitting upon a crude wooden bench in a shaking airfield messhouse that resembled an enlarged outhouse or an inhabited mausoleum in the French countryside, she would not forget it. She would become tragic. Only his grandmother could understand it, as she probably did, as she had told him to believe in something, anything, so it would become purposeful and not a waste. Not like Uncle Willy, soaring a hundred feet off a drydock in Mobile, across one sandbar and straight into the bay. A simple trick performed for a Sunday picnic crowd let out early from church and normally long-winded preachers who were just as anxious to see the show as they were to eat barbecue on the Fourth of July. A day that was swelteringly sunny, when children took off their neckties and Sunday clothes and jumped into the warm gulf waters waiting for the drone and outlined shadow of Uncle Willy's triplane. There were more fireworks than they had ex-

McCauley's watch was visible again.

"Six o'clock." it read. He wondered what McCauley was dreaming. Maybe he was dreaming of his wife. Cincinnati...isn't that where he's from? Somewhere up North, anyway. He started to dream now, too, of long, lazy summer evenings on the outside veranda, smelling the ominous mixture of wisteria and pipe tobacco as he sat near his father. The wind was blowing, and he could smell the magnolia too. His father, chewing on the pipe, was staring at the orange, crescent sun as it marched down the dirt road. When the sun came back up, it woke him as it crawled through the upstairs window. He quickly got dressed and drove into Mr. Ben's store by eight-thirty.

"What 'er ya doin' up here so early for?" Mr. Ben asked.

"I don't know," he answered, grin-

"I'll bet yer waitin' for Mr. John Sumner to come by an' pick ya up to go give you a ride in his new aeroplane, aren't ya?"

He smiled.

"Could be. Could be. Maybe it could be that I'm not just goin' up with Mr. Sumner. Could be that he's promised to give me lessons. Maybe starting today?"

Mr. Ben's eyes peeped over his spectacles, and his bulging stomach jiggled as he laughed. "Could be," he said. "Could be, now."

At ten o'clock, when he was still there, the paper arrived from town. He read it for Mr. Ben who had unknowing-ly been looking at it upside down. Mr. Ben was excited. "Does it really say that? Read it ag'in!" He continued reading; there were words neither of them understood. Mr. Ben slapped him on the back so hard it stung.

"The army! You could fly. They could teach you. You'll have one of them planes in France, boy!" He laughed, harder than ever.

The train to New Orleans took two days.

The ringing whirl of the siren was loud in his ears when he awoke. The hanging light was swaying violently as the door swung open and shut, and officers yelled incomprehensible orders to scurrying men in wet uniforms. He was sweating; his shirt was already soaked. He looked over at McCauley who had

just set the cap with the gleaming captain's wings on his head. He looked much older, and tired. McCauley looked at him, his pupils tightening. Then they got up. The wooden boards squeaked underneath his polished boots, and the lambswool jacket scratched his neck, rubbing the skin. He slid on a dark poncho as he waited at the door, watching McCauley run out into the rain, the mud splashing on either side with every step. He saw McCauley squatting underneath the wing of his plane, talking to his mechanic. The siren was still ringing, only now at intervals. A patrol had been spotted. He pulled the poncho hood over his head and looked for his plane. It was second in line. His mechanic was standing at its propeller, rain pouring around him, waving big circles with arms, "Okav." He shut the door, his grip slick, and trotted through the splashing water toward the plane. Brown, tarnished mud leaped up past his boots to his jacket, and he moved on carefully. It was like a dream: long, hard, slow; noisy, but silent. He reached the plane, everything moving in slow motion, other planes skidding in the mush. He looked at the mechanic as he helped him up onto the wing. The blocks were moved. "All checked," he said. "Good hunting." The mechanic waved as he slid into the cockpit.

McCauley was ahead of him, trodding through the muddy holes, his plane a dark outline on the makeshift runway ahead. He gave him distance. After one hundred yards, McCauley stopped, his wheels digging into the mud. His dark form was leaning out of the cockpit. He was looking at him. His hand was up; his thumb raised. He knew the signal: "Okay. Ready? Let's go beat the you-know-what out of those you-know-whats." His outlined body slowly turned back into the cockpit, and the plane moved on into the darkness.

"Ignition...pull...throttle...flaps." He continued to play the game. The cover of the book was brown with gold letters that read "U.S. Army Flying Manual." He remembered that it looked more like a Bible than an instruction manual. It was almost the same color as the mud swirling below his machine. Mud with fire written across it would look right.

His mechanic was waving him ahead. He didn't even know the man. Had never seen him before. A grimy, one-of-amillion faced sort anyway. He held the throttle and slipped a black leather glove on the other hand. He switched hands when the action was complete. He pulled his goggles down from above his forehead to his eyes, and everything became gray. The mechanic flung the propeller into action with his grimy hands. He released the throttle. The plane, picking up speed, jolted up and down through the rain-washed ruts. It was hard to see ahead. There were trees somewhere. The rain came in violent torrents now, rocking the small body of the plane, the wings tilting back and forth. He pulled back on the throttle. "When the wind catches you, get up before it slams you into something. Let go of the throttle." He could see McCauley smiling with that thousandyear-old face of his, like a grandfather. "Get up." He released the throttle, and the plane surged upward. He closed his eves as it slammed back into the mud. "Come on, come on!" he said, speaking as to a naturally violent animal. The plane popped up again; ten feet. Again, it slammed back to the earth, forcefully slinging him against the rear of the cockpit, his head batting against the metal. "Come on! Come on!" He stared wildly ahead now and jammed the throttle straight down. "Come on!" The plane lifted up, cutting into the driving rain, grumbling ahead. "It's okay," he said, rapidly blowing air out through his nostrils. "When you're young it's okay." He could not tell his direction. He would have to find McCauley up ahead of him somewhere. He knew McCauley would wait. He listened for the droning. It was below him. Through the dense gray, he saw the dull brown and green of the plane, the wings wagging back and forth. "Hi. Are you all right? Everything okay? Can you see me?" He rolled his wings at McCauley. "Yeah. I'm all right. Lead." He trudged on behind McCauley, his hands tightening, his eyes tired. His throat hurt. It felt like acid in his mouth.

He wondered if they still fished on flatboats in the marshes of Mason's Lair. It could be gone by now, in a dry season. They would still be hunting. His father

and Mr. Ben and the others. But now there was no one to sit out on the porch with to smell the wisteria and watch the sun creep away. The magnolias were not vet in bloom. He knew they would still have picnics, on Sundays, across from the courthouse. Maybe now they would have a band. They would have to, now that there was a war to play for. And all the oldtimers would stand out on the courthouse steps, some in worn Confederate uniforms. Some, but only a few. And most of them would wear uniforms made after the war, for times like these, and never worn in battle. There was no uniform in battle. Only red.

He heard a droning noise behind him. He turned around. "I want you awake and on my tail," McCauley had said. "On my tail." A streaming blue machine was on his tail now. Going to eat him. He was not afraid. He gripped the steering column and harshly swung it in a ninety-degree angle. The plane roared onto its side, the rain beating against it. The blue machine rolled over and followed. He pulled back and tried to gain altitude. It was too rough; the turbulence threw him back. "Come on! Come on!" He could hear McCauley telling him "Watch out for the wings. Don't cut too sharp. Pull up and dive down on top of the you-know-what. Don't give him range. Stay awake, all right? Stay awake!"

He cut the other way sharply, the plane creaking with the stess, rocking through the air. He knew he could not keep this up long. The plane could not take it. He pulled back to the other side, the engine groaning violently. He might have thrown him off. He had been behind him, and the current from his sideways, zig-zag swaying could have kept the blue plane from climbing up to where he was. He looked down and saw nothing but misty, gray fields. He had lost him.

Something whizzed by and popped against his propeller. Something hit the wings. He did not think of fear. He thought of the engine and the fuel tank and what would happen if it were hit. He could go down now, or...he remembered McCauley's trick: "Take her up. Straight up. But not too long. Remember that. Your engine could cut off, and then...." Then there would be one

long spiral, the air rushing past him so fast he would not be able to see as he fumbled, jamming the instruments, reciting. Reciting prayers in the two or three seconds he had left. Two or three seconds before the whirr and the whiz as the plane dug into the fields below. Into the wet dirt. He would need no funeral.

He did not want to do it. He looked for McCauley first. Ahead of him there was only rain. That decided it. "It's okay. You're young and you've thought about it." He pulled up, as far back as he could, and the plane became perpendicular with the earth below, the engine roaring loudly, disruptively. The rain was coming straight into his face now. He thought that in this direction he could fly straight into heaven itself. He could see nothing above, though. Not the sun, nor clouds, nor anything. He had been flying straight up for several seconds. He dared not hold it much longer. He swung his head back. The blue machine had followed, but much slower, at much lower altitude.

The engine stuttered, wheezed like an old man, and was quiet. "That's it," he said. The plane rolled over. Then it rolled over again and again. He wanted to say his prayer. He had time; a few seconds. Something told him to at least try to save it. He was responsible. It was not his plane. He reached out with his hands and grabbed first the steering column and then the throttle. The plane shook and rolled over to a horizontal

standstill, racing straight down. He could see the fields now, and the trees, and he thought of the pretty French country girl in the patterned brocades, leaning against the fence. He pulled on the column, the throttle, everything he could get his hands on. He pulled as hard as he could. The plane started to level off. It glided perhaps fifty yards before the engine began to hum lightly, then louder and stronger. He grabbed the column, leveled the wings, and turned around to spot the other plane. He had lost his engine too, and was speeding, nose downward, to the ground. There was a noise, though small, a spray of dirt, and a small fire that was quickly put out by the rain. It was over. He sighed and leaned back against the canvas seat. "Let's find McCaulev.'

It was then that McCauley saw it hit him. The other machine had come up behind him in the rain, entering his blind spot. He unloaded his twin guns until they clicked, watched as the gas tank blew, and started to follow him down. He did not have time for a prayer or even to be afraid. McCauley, far above, watched as he dived straight down, flames leaping from the cockpit, spiralling like a lighted firecracker, to the countryside below. The blue machine did not even bother to follow him all the way down. He hit the earth, nose digging into the dirt, the body standing straight up. The blue machine disappeared in the downpour.

McCauley cursed at him meaninglessly and headed down. He came in barely above the trees and glided low over the wreckage. It made him sick. It had not been five minutes, but they were already there, soldiers with rifles. shooting at the already dead body hanging from the cockpit and still burning with the wreckage. He cursed again as he thought of the pilot returning to claim his victory, taking the crumpled twin-guns and painting an emblem upon the tail of his blue machine. He would not tell them when he returned, he thought. He would not tell them what it was like to see it yourself, to know that he carried your letter, to know that what had happened was meant for you. He would walk in and sit down in one of the small seats in the back as everyone came in talking, perhaps nervously laughing because they had returned. The commander would hold a piece of bright vellow chalk and start at the top of the list of names on the blackboard, calling each one slowly, marking an "x" at different intervals when there was no reply. He would not move or speak or even breathe when the one name was called. He would only watch as the commander deftly drew a large, strong "x" over it. He would not tell them, he thought, as he turned, flew back over the littered field, a few men still moving upon it, lowered his guns, and strafed the ground.

Too Heavy

I'm no longer scholastic, my mental elastic Gave way when stretched to provide Support for an overstuffed body of knowledge With a girth grown unbearably wide.

by Catherine Frier



A Father at Low Tide

I was disappointed as a child to learn that the ocean was not swimming pool blue. At Edisto Island it was sick pewter, like the sky, like the oyster meat that made me throw up on the ferris wheel.

A scaly fisherman weaving on the pier, I named him Popeye, (you said he was drunk), told me the beach wasn't coming back next summer; so I filled my pockets with sand, shells and grey water to take home.

I went back to Edisto last July, and the beach is still there, so I guess Popeye was talking about you.

by Ramon Presson

Sunset at Carlsbad

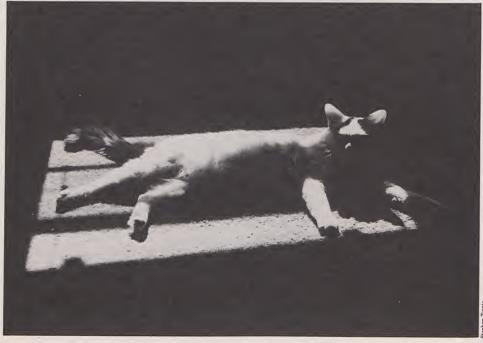
A black boa unwinds
and slinks from the wet sockets
of a skull —
each speck a bat,
a rat on wings,
smiles teeth,
a flying grill,
in which gnats, suspended,
are snared.
Treasure of insect
in stomachs,
they steal back;
the black paraffin of night
cannot seal their sockets shut.

by Dennis Manning





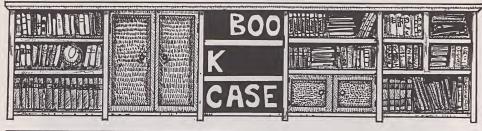






Riding Hat and Crop

by John Reece Matson



CAKEWALK
By Lee Smith
256 pp. New York:
C. P. Putnam's Sons. \$12.95

Lee Smith has written a stunning collection of short stories entitled *Cakewalk*. For the most part, the stories are individual slices from the lives of frustrated 35-year-old southern housewives — either divorced or crazy or both, and usually the single mother of at least three children. The difference between these stories and all the prime-time soaps of the same cast and plot-line is Lee Smith's ability to penetrate the romantic exterior. She exposes pieces of the human condition which justify the broken marriage, the illegitimate child, or the eccentric recluse.

Those of her stories that aren't about aging and falling apart are about being young and facing this same inevitable, tragic fate. The tragedy is not in the particular event of failure — the divorce, the death of a loved one, or the runaway child. The event is merely a by-product of a life doomed by ignorance, pride, a blind pursuit of "The American Dream," or sometimes merely by chance.

The clearest metaphor for Lee Smith's fatalism is in the character of Georgia Rose in a short story by the same name. Georgia Rose's life is peppered with broken relationships and new beginnings. With each change, she leaves behind the tragedy of death or ruin that she would have known there. Georgia Rose has ESP and can foresee her future. She knows, for example, that her fiance will be killed, so she calls off their engagement for her own protection. But she feels the loss of him in either case.

Georgia Rose embodies a haunting and natural despair. She cannot explain her condition, but she knows it well:

'I just know what's going to happen.'

'How do you know?'

'I don't know. I just do. It's awful. It's really awful, because...because...'

I could tell that she was crying in the dark. I held my breath, waiting for her to finish.

'Because it's NOT my fault!' she bursts out. 'I can't help what I see.'

'Of course not,' I said...but it was hard for me to understand.

What Lee Smith is describing in her despairing characters is the Christian notion of the Fall. She offers small selective doses of Divine Revelation as a remedy for this fallenness. In "Between the Lines," a columnist for a small-town newspaper says, "I am what I am, I know what I know, and I know you've got to give folks something to hang on to, something to keep them going. That is what I have in mind when I say uplift, and that is what God had in mind when he gave us Jesus Christ." And in "Mrs. Darcy Meets the Blue-Eyed Stranger," the Grandmother sees a divine image in a "double rainbow" on the beach. This image is in human form and grants Mrs. Darcy a new and vital peace — all to her family's great perplexity.

Smith suggests a selective type of revelation to emphasize that there are certain prerequisites for salvation. You have to know how to read "between the lines"; and you have to be prepared to accept what you see in the arches of a double rainbow. Lee Smith captures the human condition in Cakewalk as it has been professed by the theological writings of Søren Kierkegaard, Walker Percy, and Flannery O'Connor. She helps us all to reassess our misery — how we got here, how we can endure, and how we can escape.

by Tom Albritton

AMONG THE BELIEVERS by V. S. Naipaul 430 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$14.95

'Life plays itself out to a different rhythm here,' said Dr. Hochstadt. 'It is fatal to come to India and expect to be able to live to a Western rhythm.'

'Well, Franz,' Etta said, 'then all I can say is the sooner they change their tune the better.'

- Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, A Backward Place

V. S. Naipaul, chronicler of post-colonialism and prolific writer of short stories, essays, and novels, has turned his outsider's eye on four countries undergoing a radical Islamic revival. His recent book, Among the Believers, is the result of a seven-month journey through Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia, and Indonesia to search out Islamic people and institutions and to explore "the life, the culture, the current ferment inside the nations of Islam." Most of all, he wanted to see this new "Islam in action."

Naipaul is an outsider because, although Indian by heritage and Trinidadian by birth, he considers himself an Englishman and holds Western culture, the culture of the cathedrals, libraries, and art museums, to be the culmination of human thought and a model for all civilized nations. As is the case with most Westerners, this cultural chauvinism does odd things to his political judgement when he deals with the Middle East and its pervasive religions. Though more percipient than the rest, Naipaul can't seem to shake the paternalistic world view that limits itself when dealing with the East by its narrow focus on Western materialistic values and its insistence on the absolute rightness of Western ideals and institutions for all the world's people.

The four countries Naipaul visits exhibit the extremes of the phenomenon known as Islamic revival or, in Western terms, Islamization. Iran is the revolutionary extreme, violent and vengeful, seemingly bent on destroying its own economic base in the quest for purity of thought, a state of affairs Naipaul compares to Russia under Stalin.

Pakistan was the great Islamic hope; the only modern state created expressly for Moslems. But Pakistan as an Islamic model is a failure, says Naipaul. Its institutions are either moribund or non-existent, and its people, emotionally unmoved by a terribly low standard of living (one of its largest exports is people; one of its largest sources of income, the money they send back to relatives), place their faith in the mullahs and the "good men to whom everything should be trusted." The "good men" turned out to be military men, and, says Naipaul, they have betrayed the people's trust by making a violent repressive mockery of the Islamic state.

Malaysia and Indonesia are at the other extreme. They are still prosperous — Malaysia more than Indonesia — and their populations are diverse in both race and religion. They also have the organizational skills brought by a centurieslong influx of Chinese. But Naipaul sees these two countries as on the verge of exploding, restrained only by the confusion that arises when the relatively recently imported ethical ideals of Islam meet the stubborn remnants of the ancient native cultures. Malaysia and Indonesia are just waiting for the appearance of a charismatic leader along the lines of Libya's Khaddafi, says Naipaul, and then they too will explode in a paroxysm of revenge and anarchy.

What is Islamic fundamentalism, and why does it fail to provide the institutions that most modern societies are based on? Islamization describes a fusion of Islamic religion and nationalism for the purpose of creating "pure" Islamic states. Ideally, all of the institutions of daily life in a pure Islamic state — courts, schools, hospitals, defense establishments, and so on, even down to the regulation of city traffic, are administered under strict Koranic principles. It does not matter that these principles, utterings of the prophet Mohammed for the most part, are apocryphal. That

is for the mullahs to worry about. In such a system, a system of "revealed religion" as Naipaul continually points out, Islamic scholars, as judges and legal experts, play a major role in reinforcing traditional norms and ideas. They shape the fundamental moral tone of the country. It is the ultimate in state religions. Islam is the state.

But Islam is not enough, says Naipaul. It fails because it offers no practical solutions to the problems of new countries, only a highly emotional ideology that is effective in instilling rage and religious fervor, but fails to translate emotion into constructive social and political institutions. Islam's single-minded adherence to a static, revealed religion blinds it to the realities of the outside world and prevents it from entering into the stream of 20th century politics. Islam is a religion with a fatal flaw:

The prophet had founded a state. He had given men the idea of equality and union. The dynastic quarrels that had come early to this state had entered the theology of the religion; so that this religion, which filled men's days with rituals and ceremonies of worship, which preached the afterlife, at the same time gave men the sharpest sense of worldly injustice and made that part of the religion.

This late-twentieth century Islam appeared to raise political issues. But it had the flaw of its origins — the flaw that ran right through Islamic history: to the political issues it raised it offered no political or practical solution. It offered only the faith. It offered only the prophet, who would settle everything — but who had ceased to exist. This political Islam was rage, anarchy.

What Naipaul fails to adequately account for is the role of the Western colonial powers in creating this distaste for Western social and political institutions. And it is the Western ideal that he criticizes them for not following. He calls it the "universal civilization."

The life that had come to Islam had not come from within. It had come from outside events and circumstances, the spread of the universal civilization. It was late twentieth century that had made Islam revolutionary, given new meaning to old Islamic ideas of equality and union, shaken up static or retarded societies. It was the late twentieth century — and not faith — that could supply the answers — in institutions, legislation, economic systems.

Islamic theology may have given men a heritage of dynastic quarrels and the "sharpest sense of worldly injustice," but imperialism was responsible for encouraging internecine quarrels (it made the natives easier to control) and heightening the sense of worldly injustice with centuries of hunger, disease, illiteracy, plunder of natural resources, and general repression. It is no surprise then that the mass of people in Moslem states are so easily mobilized by leaders who can intensify their rage and sense of injustice and call for vengeance instead of constructive political action (and it is not unique to Islam either; the State Department is dis-

covering similar reactions in Central and South America).

These factors have not only helped to create a violent culture, but they snatch constructive alternatives from the hands of leaders who wish to build and not tear down (Bani Sadr in Iran, for instance). Rival factions find that they must control and channel this violence for their own purposes and create popular support, instead of constructing a workable society. Continued Western interference and insistence on solutions that obscure or exclude Islam only heighten the rage and give fanatics tighter control over the mob.

Naipaul is wrong to place most of the blame on Islamic theology, but his greatest mistake is to ignore both the Islamic states that do work and the movements within the countries he visits that offer hope of better systems based on Islam. His short-sightedness is attributable to his inability to see any alternatives to the current brand of rigidly dogmatic religious nationalism other than Western-style secular democracy, an alternative acceptable to neither the people nor their leaders (the same form of blindness affects our own government in its dealings with Central and South America. Asia, and the Middle East). It does not seem possible to Naipaul that Islamic fundamentalism can be a workable system if administered properly, as in Saudi Arabia; or that it might work if fused with some of the tenets of socialism, as is the case with the increasingly popular Mujahidin party in Iran and the flexible undogmatic Socialist government in Tunisia; or if it is joined to the principles of a "guided democracy" with a strong leader as in Morocco. For Naipaul, Islam ceased to be an effective political and social force when it withdrew from southern Europe in the eleventh century.

As usual, Naipaul's prose is spare and unambiguous. He has a way of making mass movements understandable by meticulously examining isolated particulars, especially the "man on the street" and small, often neglected, institutions. That he occasionally makes too broad a generalization does not detract from his examination of people and places. His cultural bias should not make the reader turn away from Among the Believers. It is, despite its faults, one of the best tours available through the Islamic fundamentalist labyrinth.

by Stephen Tippie

The reviewer is a 1980 Wake Forest graduate.

THE ISSA VALLEY
By Czeslaw Milosz
288 pp. New York:
Farrar Straus Giroux, \$13.95

Czeslaw Milosz's *The Issa Valley* both enchants and bewilders readers in its mystic unfolding of a child's growth in a Lithuanian village. Thomas lives with his maternal grandparents in the remnants of their manorial estate. His world is

the Issa Valley, a world existing inside and outside time. Despite their Christianity, the inhabitants of this world retain an inescapable pagan character.

Milosz's novel thus encompasses more than the adventures of this one boy. While Thomas is the focus of the book, the villagers and the valley itself are essential characters. Milosz describes this valley as "blessed with an abundance of black earth...with the lushness of its orchards, and possibly with its remoteness from the world, something that has never seemed to bother its inhabitants" (p.5).

Pervading Thomas's world is not a conflict between Catholicism and paganism but a loose mixture of the two. Nonetheless, the paganistic element in the cultural heritage of the village sometimes dominates. The ghost of the young woman Magdalena, for instance, involves such an emergence of the pagan over the Christian element.

Magdalena, mistress to the village priest, commits suicide, and her spirit continues to haunt the rectory. When exorcism fails, the villagers resort to magical, paganistic practices to put the ghost to rest. The priest initially protests this idea; however, he ultimately acquiesces to the use of this unchristian rite.

Occasionally, the modern world intrudes upon the lives of the villagers, but when it does, its presence stands in a comic contrast to the character of the people and their valley. Milosz makes the following comment on their folk remedies:

Thomas knew that plantain leaves were the best remedy for wounds; first you applied the leaf, then wrapped it with a cloth bandage. If it still refused to heal, Antonina would moisten a piece of bread with spit and knead it with a spiderweb — a surefire home remedy. It was his [paternal] Grandmother Dilbin who introduced the use of iodine (p. 121).

Grandmother Misia, nevertheless, whose "ruling passion was magic, the world of spirits and the hereafter" (p.17), reflects the essential quality of the Issa Valley. Sketches of characters like her are at the heart of this novel. Milosz's poetic language emerges from the translation through descriptions of Misia and other inhabitants of the valley.

Balthazar, for example, has murdered a man many years ago and remains unable to expel the guilt from his conscience. He is the most restless character in the novel. But what is most perplexing about his character is its precise relation to the character of Thomas. If Balthazar is just another of those "devils along the Issa [that] have fashioned you [Thomas] as best they could" (p.288), how exactly has Balthazar influenced Thomas?

Balthazar, like most of the other characters in this novel, belongs to this quaint world where the pagan awareness of both the natural and supernatural still exists. This awareness shapes the imagination of Thomas; it prepares him for new experiences beyond the valley. It, in essence, gives him an identity. This relationship between one's culture and identity is thus the poetic product Milosz presents his readers.

by Mitch Cox



I want a life like an Ives symphony

with ten high school bands
playing out of tune
and the roar of traffic,
waves, fire and audience
wailing sax, soft guitar
halting piano, ringing phone
accompanied by Bach, Sinatra,
Nelson, Beatles, and Police
and four frat stereos blaring,
blasting at the corners
my mom humming, my brother yelling,
my dad snoring, and two dogs barking
I want thunder, laughter, and even silence.

by David Smith



